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HIDDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Beneath the ice the blossoms sleep,
Beneath the snow the flowers are dead;
His loving care shall guard and keep,
His mantle over them be spread.
The Spring's warm breath from out the South
Shall stir them, with its verdure rife;
The Summer, with its balmy mouth,
Shall kiss them back again to life.

Our hearts have flowerets rom us hid—
Our lives have blossoms 'neath the snow;
We may not scan beneath the lid
The plants of hope which silent grow.
Have courage, "ye of little faith,"
Whose treasures sleep beneath the dust;
Remember that they all are safe,
And in their resurrection trust.

O saddened hearts! O blinded eyes!
Ye know not wherefore Winter's snow!
But why the light fades from the skies
When night falls down ye yet shall know.
In God's good time, in his own hour,
The blossom ye have seen decay
Shall bloom again, a perfect flower,
Beneath the light of perfect day.
They are not dead—they only sleep;
Husband and father, child and wife;
Our blinded eyes may for them weep,
But they have entered into life.

RUBY;

OR,

A FAIRY OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

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CHAPTER VIII.—A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.

"Phew!" ejaculated Dick as he shut out the sight of his sister's little room, and stood upright. "A fine night this."

Great sheets of water poured down from the sombre clouds, and drenched him through ere he had been a moment upon the roof. Bearing this as philosophically as he could, he prostrated himself upon the cover of the scuttle, and sought to distinguish any scraps of conversation that might be uttered below. But the rain beat down so fiercely upon the resonant tin that no other sound could be heard, so Dick arose cautiously to his feet and looked about him. The house was one of six, formed into a row, and precisely similar. Dick crept cautiously to the edge and looked over into the street. He could hear the searchers at work, and see lights flashing from the different rooms. The carriage was not in sight, nor could Sugar Bill be seen. Both had, of course, taken the alarm and fled. A policeman stood at the foot of the steps, listening to someone evidently from the house. This was in reality none other than Mr. Peasely, who was apparently narrating the events of the night in a most dramatic manner, probably drawing upon his imagination for scenes of which he could have had no personal knowledge. Dick shuddered a little as he looked down. The roof was four stories from the ground. How was he to escape? In two hours, at the most, it would be daylight. All his work must be done before that. He arose, and, creeping softly to the farther end of the row of houses, looked off. A space of at least fifty feet divided them from the next dwelling. A vacant lot lay between them. No chance that way. He gazed anxiously around. The telegraph-poles were too far distant and too far down for him to attempt a leap. He could see so much, despite the pitchy darkness. How he cursed his own stupidity in not having brought a rope. Must he, after all, wait quietly until daylight to be discovered or to give himself up? No, he could not, would not, do that. The thought of the dreary prison-life stirred him into unnatural activity. Even in his present perilous position he gave vent to a remark that showed how mankind in any condition is always ready to blame somebody else.

"D——n that Black! He *would* have his own way."

He walked on tiptoe to the rear of the houses, and looked off. Here the darkness was so dense, unlit by the street-lamps, that he could scarcely see the ground. Some white clothes hanging in one of the yards loomed up in a ghostly and fantastic manner.

"I'd give a trifle for a couple o' them sheets," said the burglar, as he completed his survey.

The outlook was not encouraging. No means of escape presented themselves here. Filled with a desperate hope, he looked again, and an idea seized him.

"The very thing," he said with an oath. "The spout."

He crept along the extreme edge of the block of houses and examined each anxiously. His heart sank within him. The spouts ran up to within three feet of the roof, and then connected horizontally with the gutter two feet from the edge. He could reach none of them. He walked back to the roof of number eighteen, and there made a discovery which caused him to give a little shout of exultation. It was, as I have described, a corner house, and the spout in the rear was visible from the side street, which had caused the builder, with commendable taste, to add an ornamental piece extending up to the edge of the roof. All Dick's courage and animation returned. It would be an easy matter for a young and active man like himself to reach the ground through this means, and, once there, escape was almost certain. But he must wait until the house was again quiet before making the venture. So he lay down against a chimney, and strove as much as possible to keep off the still pouring rain. He heard a church-clock strike two.

"Poor Ruby!" he thought. "I hope she won't get into trouble through me. How astonished she was! Didn't even know I was out of limbo yet." He yawned and stretched himself impatiently. "Seems as though I'd been here a couple o' hours," he said. Then he thought of Black, and wondered if he had escaped. "Trust him for not getting caught," he muttered, half admiringly, half contemptuously. He thought of many things, and was eventually falling into a doze, despite the weather, when he was aroused by the chimes striking three. "Now or never!" he said.

Crawling to the rear edge of the roof, he looked over. Everything was quiet—not a light to be seen anywhere. He grasped the ornamental upper portion of the spout and swung himself off. Bracing his legs firmly against the spout itself, he slowly commenced his descent. The tin was wet and slippery, and he retained his hold with much difficulty. But it was his only chance, and he strained every nerve, descending only a few inches at a time. He was about twenty feet from the roof when he felt, with a sensation of horror, that the support around which his limbs had been twined was gone, and that he was sustaining his entire weight upon his hands, which had so slight a hold upon the smooth, wet surface of the spout. The pipe was broken off fully forty feet from the ground! Great drops of perspiration burst out upon his forehead, and he shook like one with the ague. He could not hold on two minutes longer. He felt his hands slowly but surely slipping downward. The events of his life whirled before him with lightning swiftness. He saw his dead mother's face—the mother whose counsels he had mocked, and whose untimely death, he felt, was due to his vicious ways. He thought of Ruby.

"Poor little girl!" he gasped; "she will share my shame, after all." Fears of the unknown world to which he was hastening filled his brain. "God help me!" he said faintly.

He might shout for assistance. He was massing his strength for one last, despairing cry, when his feet touched a solid substance. It was a window-sill! He made out its shape in the darkness, and saw above it the outline of a window, with the top a little way down to admit air. If he could but reach this with his hands! Better arrest and incarceration than death in so hideous a form. The window was at his right, parallel with his present position. With a superhuman effort he sprang towards it, precipitating himself forward as he did so, and to his delight caught the top of the sill, with little or no noise. His position even now was by no means comfortable or safe, but it was paradise compared to the one he had lately occupied. He was debating within himself whether it were best to enter boldly and give himself up, or to await the "doctrine of chances," when voices from within the room arrested his attention. He placed his ear at the aperture, almost touching the drawn curtain, and listened. A woman's tones were the first he heard.

"The jewels are a curse to us. How could they be otherwise?"

"What d'ye mean?" responded a harsh, vindictive voice.

"You know what I mean well enough, Lawrence Waring. Do you think your guilty secret is known only to yourself?"

The man's tone as he replied was dangerous—deadly.

"You know that?" he gasped.

"I do. God help me, I do! Sometimes I feel that even I am living under a curse, sharing the lot of such a criminal as you."

The man did not reply at once. Dick could hear him grinding his teeth in rage. Then he said in a sharp whisper:

"Does—does anyone else know of this?"

"Not from me. Do you think I could expose your shame to the whole world?'

"Bah!" was the contemptuous response, but in the tone Dick could detect a latent uneasiness. "You are dreaming this whole matter. There is no secret. I was only trifling with you."

"Not so," replied his wife. "Many and many a night, when I lay here awake and filled with sad thoughts, have I heard you repeating in your uneasy slumber the story of your sins, and of one dreadful crime, which seemed to haunt you always—of an old man and a darkened room, of gleaming jewels and a blood-stained ——"

"Enough!" almost shrieked the wretched husband, leaping in an agony of terror to the floor. "Say more at your peril. My veins seem filled with ice."

He lit the gas with a trembling hand, and Dick could see through a chink in the curtain that his face was deadly pale. He donned a dressing-gown and threw himself into a chair before the fire. Then he spoke again:

"Go to sleep. I shall sit here until morning. But let me warn you. If you ever dare, now or hereafter, to mention what you have learned, your fate shall be something terrible."

She uttered a little, sardonic laugh.

"My fate is quite terrible enough now—the unloved wife of a criminal whom I despise."

He sprang to his feet, more livid than before.

"Will you be silent?"

"Many and many a time," she continued, not noticing his interruption, "have I felt that I was perilling my hopes of heaven and building up an eternity of horrors by remaining with you. More than once I have been on the point of leaving you, but something has seemed to restrain me."

He laughed mockingly.

"You dared not go."

"Do not taunt me too much, or you will see what I dare do. Remember that your life is in my hands, and, if I remain, treat me better than you have done in the past."

In three strides he was by the bedside, and, raising his hand, he struck her a terrible blow. She gave a gasp of pain, but made no other outcry. But her face was white, her lips set, and a strange look shone out from her usually gentle eyes.

"D—n you!" muttered her assailant, "will you be quiet now?"

Dick felt strongly tempted to interfere at this juncture, but thoughts of his personal safety deterred him. The man returned to the easy-chair before the fire, and stared into the red coals as if reading his future there. The woman lay upon the bed and made no sound. To Dick, exposed to the fury of the elements, the minutes were like hours. A long time had elapsed—in reality three-quarters of an hour, to Dick fully four hours—when the man arose softly from the chair, and, standing upright, gazed intently at the bed. The regular breathing of its occupant proved that she slept at last. She was quite young, but her face seemed worn with sorrow, and her eyes were swollen with weeping. She had tried her best to remain awake, for she felt a fear of her husband, which she was too proud to allow him to perceive; but wearied Nature had asserted herself, and the poor wife slumbered peacefully. Oh, if there be indeed spirits, dear familiars, attendant on us all, let them whisper to her to awake, for the night to her is fraught with direst peril—awake, ere her soul is sent in haste across the mystic river, and another crime added to the one which shall confront Lawrence Waring at the judgment-seat. In vain—she does not stir!

Having satisfied himself that she really slept, her husband moved softly towards the little alcove and disappeared behind the curtains. What was he about to do? Dick stood spellbound. He pulled aside the window-curtain an inch or two, and was thus enabled to obtain a better view of the room. Waring soon reappeared, holding in his hand—a book. Dick breathed easier. Waring evidently was intending to recline on the bed and read, and did not wish to awaken his wife. He stood beside the sleeping woman and eyed her intently. Her lips were parted, and there was a faint smile upon her face. To another, who knew of her wretched life, she might be dreaming of happier days; to her husband she seemed, even in her sleep, to be exulting in his downfall. He cast a quick, anxious look about the room, and then, with lightning-like swiftness, drew from the pages of the book a small dagger, and, ere the horrified Dick could fairly realize what was being done, plunged it up to the hilt into the breast of the unconscious sleeper. There was a gasp, a cry, quickly muffled by the assassin's hand, then the dying woman arose into a sitting posture, and, looking into her husband's face with eyes half covered with the films of death, fell back lifeless upon the pillow. The murderer, with an averted head, drew the deadly steel from its ghastly scabbard and hurled it from him.

"She brought it on herself," he muttered, as if in self-palliation of his crime—"she brought it on herself."

Dick waited to hear no more. Jail-bird though he was, his blood boiled at this shameful deed, and with a quick movement he sent the window downward and leaped into the room.

At sight of him the unnerved murderer staggered backward into the chair.

"I am lost!" he gasped.

Dick, with a look of abhorrence and contempt, pointed to the body upon the bed.

"I saw it all!" he cried in a low, determined voice. "You cowardly brute, you will swing for this!"

But a new thought seemed to animate the assassin. He sprang to his feet with an air of defiance.

"*You* are the murderer!" he cried. "*You!* You have made a second attempt to rob me, and struck down my wife, who sought to frustrate you. *You* are the one to be hung!"

The full peril of his position flashed across the burglar's mind in an instant. What would *his* word be worth when weighed against that of the reputed respectable broker? Nothing at all. He was a criminal, and his record would be against him. He was in a trap, and at the mercy of this wretch. He must make terms if he could.

"Well," he said to the other, who was watching him keenly, "you seem to hold all the cards. There's no use in my fighting you. It wouldn't do any good. Can we fix anything?"

Lawrence Waring appeared to breathe easier.

"You seem a sensible fellow," he said. "You see, of course, that I could alarm the house, and have you arrested as the ——" he shuddered and pointed to the bed.

Dick nodded uneasily.

"A blind man could see that," he replied.

"I'm not so fond of blood that I care to have an innocent man hung. That woman there has been a drag on me for years, or I shouldn't have forgotten myself," Dick said nothing, but he saw the lie looking out of the other's eyes. "Nor am I anxious to swing myself," continued the broker; "so I'll let you go free if you'll bind me up, place me on the floor, and take an oath to say nothing about this matter."

Dick agreed unhesitatingly. Freedom had been so many hours deferred that he longed for it with feverish impatience. The broker produced a long, stout cord, and instructed Dick how to use it.

"It must appear that somebody else has tied me so that I could not escape or cry out, and then made the assault upon my wife," he explained.

Dick paused thoughtfully.

"Are you going to describe this chap?" he inquired.

"No! I shall say that he wore a black mask. Make haste with this, and be off!"

"It appears to me," said Dick coolly, "that this ought to be worth a trifle in cash."

ROSE EYTINGE, ACTRESS.

The broker impatiently strode to the bureau, and, taking from one of the drawers a banknote, placed it in Dick's hands.

"There's a hundred dollars. Now hasten with your work."

Dick tied the murderer's hands and feet firmly, and, laying him upon the floor, proceeded to wind a silk handkerchief about his head and across his mouth, where it formed an efficacious gag.

"There," he muttered, as he concluded this operation. "It's mighty uncomfortable, I suppose, but it means safety for you. No living man would think you tied that yourself."

He stepped to the bed, and almost reverently covered the body of the dead woman with a sheet, then turned to the door. But a thought occurred to him, and he quickly entered the alcove. The broker eyed him with looks of agony, for he suspected his design, but he was powerless to move or cry out.

"I think I'll have the laugh on Black and Sugar Bill," said Dick, as he took a bunch of keys from the murderer's pocket and proceeded to coolly unlock the bureau-drawer. He soon transferred to his own pockets a number of glittering brilliants, and a goodly supply of bank-notes and gold; then, throwing the keys to the unhappy wretch upon the floor, he stole softly from the room down the stairs and into the street, unseen by anyone.

CHAPTER IX.—INVESTIGATING THE MURDER.

"And to think," said Mrs. Peasely, as she poured out the morning coffee, "that we should have been burglarized. Well, well."

"Lucky for them that they didn't hit on my room," ejaculated Mr. Puff, with his mouth full of hot sausage. "All they'd have got would have been a lot of greasy old wigs and some paste buckles, with a sprinkling of shapes and jerkins."

"I know I should have died if they had come near me," remarked Cleopatra with a neat shudder. "How poor Mrs. Waring must have felt!"

"That reminds me," said her business-like mother, "they're later than ever this morning. Sarah, go up and ask them if they'd like their breakfast upstairs, for they must be beat out."

Sarah departed on her errand, while the practical hostess continued:

"If Jonathan Peasely was like any other man, he'd have got up when I first heard the noise and shook him. But, law! you might just as well try to shake Bunker Hill Monument. If sleeping was a trade, he'd make lots of money at it."

There was a general laugh at this, even poor little Ruby being obliged to smile, despite her grief. She felt that the dreary details of life must go on, though hearts were broken and hope was dead. So she had schooled her face to show little or nothing of her late agitation, and made one of the breakfast party. Mark's love, so dim and doubtful of attainment before, was among the impossibilities now, and she mourned it as we mourn the early dead. Dick had escaped, no doubt. That was a slight, a very slight, comfort. He had promised to write to her. Oh, that she could seek him out, and show him the wicked, mad folly of his present career! Her reveries were disturbed by a piercing scream, and the sound of someone almost falling down the stairs. The boarders started to their feet in horrified wonder, and the next moment the girl Sarah stood before them, her eyes distended, her face white, and her limbs trembling violently.

"Up there—there!" she gasped. "Mr. an' Misses Waring. Dead—both!"

The women gave a shriek, the men exclamations of amazement and doubt. Ruby sat in her chair, numb with horror and dread. For her life she could not have spoken or stirred.

Mr. Puff was the first to regain his presence of mind.

"The girl may be mistaken," he said huskily. "Some of you gentlemen come up with me. The ladies had better remain here."

Ascending the stairs, they paused before the half-opened door with a little feeling of dread. Then, Mr. Puff pushing it open to its fullest extent, they entered. They started at sight of the covered object upon the bed; then one of them tenderly drew the sheet and exposed the white, lifeless features of Mrs. Waring.

"Poor woman—dead, sure enough—and murdered. Here are marks of blood."

A movement on the floor attracted their attention, and they saw Mr. Waring's eyes gazing at them with a look of intensity. In a moment they had severed his bonds, removed the gag, and assisted him to his feet, stiff and sore from his long confinement.

Then they plied him with questions. With a well-simulated show of grief he told them the story which his fertile brain had devised during the dreary morning hours, and which seemed absolutely flawless.

Fully two hours after the excitement of the robbery had died away, he was sitting in his easy-chair before the fire, his wife sleeping upon the bed, when he fancied that he heard a soft step behind him. He was about turning, when he was seized in a powerful grasp and pinioned to the chair by a cord. He cried out, when a gag was thrust into his mouth with great violence, and he received a blow upon the head which stunned him. When he returned to consciousness he found himself prostrate upon the floor, still gagged and bound, and with an awful stillness in the room, which impressed him with the terrible idea that his wife was dead. He had remained in this dreadful state of torture until Sarah's cry of horror had made his fear a certainty. One of the men walked to the corner of the room and picked up the blood-stained dagger. There was nothing about it that could serve as a means of identification.

"Did you catch no glimpse of the assassin?"

"Only a glimpse. He was quite tall and very powerful, and wore a mask of black crape. He probably remained concealed under the bed or in one of the closets until the first alarm had subsided. Oh, my poor, poor wife!"

The hypocrite placed a handkerchief to his eyes and appeared overcome by grief. But he did not venture near the bed. Did he fear a look of accusation from those poor dim eyes?

"How much did you lose?" queried Mr. Puff.

The broker hastened into the alcove and soon returned.

"I have lost goods to the value of five thousand dollars," he said in a voice of suppressed rage. "The scoundrel fortunately overlooked some of the most expensive brilliants."

How he hated Dick for what he had seen and done. Had not his own antecedents been too questionable to allow him to appear in court, he would have gloated over the prospect of describing the burglar who had taken advantage of his leniency only to rob him of what he held most dear. But it was too late for that. His statement of the intruder's appearance had already been made before witnesses, and could not be revoked.

"The police must be informed at once," said one of the young men, whose name was Tibbetts. "Shall I go?"

"I suppose it is a necessity," replied Waring; "so the sooner it is over, the better."

Mr. Tibbetts departed in haste, a little proud to be the exclusive bearer of such important tidings, while the widower, with a face and air of grief and agitation, paced the room. The ladies had by this time ventured up, and were loud in their expressions of grief and condolence. Mrs. Waring had been a general favorite, and her sudden and awful death awoke real sorrow in the breasts of all. Ruby did not dare enter the room that contained the dead. She felt that it would be impossible to conceal her feelings. She had no doubt that her brother was the murderer, and she felt as though she were his accomplice. Her brain was on fire, and her limbs trembled with excitement and terror. The more she thought of her awful position, the more confused she grew as to what she ought to do. The atmosphere of the house was stifling; so, putting on her bonnet and shawl, she sought the street. Here the cool air and bright sunshine (for the storm had ceased) seemed to ease the fever of mind and brain. She walked to an adjacent park, but little occupied at that season of the year, and sat down upon a bench to think.

She *could* not give him up to justice. He was her brother, murderer though he be. Besides, his death would not bring back the life that he had taken. No; this dreadful secret must ever dominate her henceforth wretched life, unknown to all the world. Only one circumstance would induce her to tell the awful truth, and that was the arrest and conviction of an innocent man.

On her return she found the house surrounded by a throng of people, who were standing on the railings, peering into windows, and questioning an officer at the door in the hope of hearing or seeing something of a blood-curdling nature. The Coroner had just arrived, accompanied by a physician and some police officials. In a brief and business-like manner he examined the dead woman's wound, and questioned all those whose testimony could throw any light upon the mysterious affair. One of the police officials then addressed Mr. Waring:

"You intend to offer a reward for the return of the jewels?"

The broker bowed.

"That, then, will facilitate matters greatly. The thief and the murderer are of course one; and, although the Department will use every effort to bring the criminal to justice, the clue is so very slight that we may be obliged to depend upon some of his associates to betray him. This the offer of a reward might effect."

"Do you suspect no one?" asked the Coroner.

"No one," answered the broker.

"Were many people cognizant of the value of your jewels, and where they were kept?" queried a tall, quiet-looking man in plain clothes, and who was a detective.

"A great many people. Nearly everyone in the house, I imagine."

"Ah! You say that the boarders made a general search after the first alarm. Did they all participate?"

"All who were in the house."

"Were there any absent?"

"Yes, one—a Mr. Hatfield, a new boarder."

"What sort of looking man was this Mr. Hatfield?"

"A nice, handsome young man," broke in Mrs. Peasely, "and quite tall."

"With *such* eyes," murmured Cleopatra.

"You say that you caught a glimpse of the assassin," continued the detective quietly, "and his figure seemed to be ——"

"Quite tall," replied Mr. Waring; "but surely you do not suspect ——"

"I suspect nothing. Is Mr. Hatfield a boarder of long standing?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Peasely; and then she told the whole story of Mark's renting the room, which he only desired to occupy for a short time each day.

The detective thought that he had found a clue. But no trace of this opinion was to be seen upon his calm face.

"Is the gentleman in the house now?"

"No, sir; he has not been here since yesterday noon."

"Pardon me, sir," broke in Mr. Puff, who had listened uneasily to all that had passed; "but I think you are off the scent. Mr. Hatfield seems a young gentleman of birth and connections—one totally incapable of either robbery or murder."

The detective bowed with an air of incredulity.

"You know the gentleman, then?"

"Only from meeting him occasionally here. But I believe that I know human nature."

The detective smiled in a manner that irritated the little comedian.

"There are many people, sir," he said, "who labor under a similar illusive belief."

"Is there no one in the house who is better acquainted with Mr. Hatfield?" queried one of the officials, looking impatiently at his watch.

"There's Miss Ray," replied Cleopatra eagerly. "I am sure she knows him very well."

"Can we have Miss Ray in here for a few moments?" inquired the detective.

"I'll go and fetch her," said Mrs. Peasely. She left the room, and in a moment returned, accompanied by Ruby, who could scarcely conceal her agitation; for she felt that they had found some clue to her brother's identity with the murder, and had summoned her to bear witness against him. Their first question undeceived her, but opened up a new vista of misery and terror.

"Miss Ray, do you know a gentleman called Mr. Mark Hatfield?"

"I do, sir."

"Will you kindly tell us when you saw him last?"

"At about half-past eleven last evening. He escorted me home from the theatre."

"Did he then enter the house?"

"No, sir. He said that he was going to his own home, uptown."

"Does it not strike you as a little singular that the gentleman should reside in one portion of the city and rent a room in another?"

"It did not appear so to me, sir," answered Ruby.

"Perhaps you had some knowledge of his motive for doing so."

The poor girl colored, and cast down her eyes. Her agitation did not pass unnoticed. Mr. Puff here interposed sympathically:

"Remember, Miss Ray," said he in a reassuring tone, "that this is an informal examination. You are not upon oath. You need not answer any question that you are not willing to reply to freely."

Ruby's color came and went. Maidenly modesty forbade her telling the sweet secret of Mark's love to cold and doubting strangers, and yet her silence might be eloquent against him. She raised her head bravely, though her cheeks were very pale.

"There was nothing in his motive of which either he or I need be ashamed," she said proudly. "He came to this house, I believe, to see me."

Cleopatra gave vent to a shrill titter of contempt.

"What nonsense," she ejaculated, but nobody noticed her. All eyes were upon Ruby, who seemed so distressed that the motherly Mrs. Peasely went to her and put her fat arm around her waist.

"You are connected with the stage?" said the detective, with a touch of respect in his voice, for the girl's beauty, candor and ingenuous manner had impressed him.

"I am, sir. May I be allowed to go now?"

"One question more, please. Do you know the location of Mr. Hatfield's uptown residence?"

"I do not, sir."

Here Cleopatra, who had edged her way to the detective's side, whispered in his ear:

"Ask her if he proposed to her."

He cast upon her a little look of contempt and replied:

"This inquiry is to further the ends of justice, and not to satisfy idle curiosity."

The gentlemen of the law then departed, first ascertaining that the witnesses could be obtained at any time to state in court what little they knew of the matter, and Ruby returned to her little room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY AMY.

DEDICATED TO MISS AMY LEE.

When the mune shines siller clear,
And doon to rest I lay me,
I canna sleep as single 'oor,
For thinkin' o' my Amy.

Gin I had goud, as once I had,
Nor wife nor weans to stay me,
I'd wur it a', aye lika cent,
On thee, my winsome Amy.

Thy saucy een and pearly teen
Are rare enticing tae me;
I'd gie' the ransom o' a king
Tae steal a kiss frae Amy.

May ye fau well, my bonny queen,
Let sorrow never tame ye,
But, bright and blythe as any bird,
Still sing, my laughing Amy.

Greenville, N. J., Aug. 25, 1878.

THE FIRST TRAVELING COMBINATION

TRANSLATED FROM THE THESSALONIANS FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY JOHN M. TURNER.

CHAPTER I.

Now, in the days of Noah there lived a Jonah by the name of Ham, or a Ham by the name of Jonah—he is recorded to have been both; but there were false scribes in those days, even as there are false ones at present, whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and whom we therefore turn from with rebuke and disbelief. But, moreover, it is known of men that Jonah begat Malachi and Herod, who, to use the phrase of those days, doubled-up and proceeded to write for dates that grew abundant in a far-off land.

Now, know ye that on a certain day Malachi the Singite, and Herod the Dancite, also Proxy the Israelite, and Joseph the Parisite, went they up into a mountain which was high up, and there, in a temple, played they the people for suckers. And it came to pass that the multitude were much pleased, for their joy at beholding and listening to the comedian from Northern Jerusalem and the vile delineator from Babylon was great; but lo! it so happened that, as time advanced, their patience relaxed, and loud and pitiful were their lamentations, and the country for miles around was rent with cries of woe. Great was the wailing of the Mufferites and the Gawkites, and the Gillyites were sorely grieved, and sorely grieved even were the Windites and the Cleanites, and the Rubelites were a much tortured people.

When the good King came to hear of these things he waxed exceeding wroth, and he spake unto his people, those that were with him:

"Who be these Snideites that have come to play the people of the Plunckyhocklans?"

And the windiest among them lifted up their voices and said:

"Lo! and how should we know, good King? But methinks they come from over the water, from Babylon, the great city, which is much big."

And when they had spoken they bowed themselves before his knibbs, and he spat upon them and said:

"How be it, my brethren, that we have given unto these Snideites our four-and-thirty shekels and there be a tart show? What would ye—that these Snideites and Hamites should roast the people of the Plunckyhocklanites?"

And the multitude gazed at each other's feet, and the wisest among them looked foolish, and the simplest among them tried to look wise. Then the King spake unto them once more, and the gag which he gaveth them was this:

"What though a man throweth three aces, does it not exceed three sevens?"

And one of their number answered and said:

"So it seemeth, good King."

And the King looked wiser, and saith again unto them:

"Whatsoever a man doeth, be it not even so?"

And they all cried as with one voice, and answered:

"It must be so, good King."

And the King once again spake unto them:

"Verily, all is not well with us this day; for, as I gaze towards the river Jourdan, mine eyes behold the Snideites, with their gripe and dulcimers, making good speed for the gates of the city. It behoves us to tarry not, but to hasten that we may overtake them, else they may escape us."

And the people wondered at what they had heard; and, when he had ceased speaking, they began to suspect that he had been saying something, and they looked in each other's face and wondered what it was. When the King saw this, he spake again unto them, and the words he spoke were many; and, while he was addressing them, there appeared in their midst a noted Phakir by the name of Simon. And when Simon was with them he was among them; and the King, upon beholding him, called unto him, saying:

"Simon, who be these Snapites who have bilked the people of our fathers?"

And Simon answered and said:

"I know but little, O King! and that little even have I forgotten."

And as the King harpooned him there arose a murmur among the people, and they became as one whose rash was great, and they fled towards the mountains and approached the temple; and, lifting up sticks and stones, also mud and clay, the windows of ye temple mashed they in. And the good King saw this, and said it was well.

CHAPTER II.—THE PHAKIRS.

Now that the Phakirs were fled into the valley, they began to thirst for water—was a thing they had not tasted for many a day; and, as darkness crept on, so crept on the Phakirs on their uppers, their soles being very plano. And soon they came up into Judea, a small city, which was renowned for its open dates; and when they reached the gates of the city, whereupon is inscribed "Right again!" they found an opening awaiting them, and joyfully entered they in. And when they had entered therein they tarried a while with a publican on the outskirts of the city, and the children of Jonah, both Malachi and Herod, men of great wisdom, were sent ahead to spy out the land—and to bill the town. Now, in those days there were no licenses to be granted, for be it known that unto that day shows were not invented of man.

And it came to pass that the Phakirs, upon the return of their brethren, who brought good reports of their journey, went they up to Mount Ephraim, and there, casting their eyes over the city, they beheld a vacant space, upon which they pitched their tents; wherefore they called that place Hazmoth, and unto this day is it so known among men. And lo! and when the inhabitants awoke the next day and beheld the three-sheet cuts and streamers, they became sore afraid, and they spoke unto each other, saying:

"What manner of men be these Phakirs and Snideites who perform these miracles?"

Then they departed unto their synagogues, greatly amazed; for they thought it an invasion from Gibeah, a small country town connected by a branch of the Lake Shore R. R. So it came to pass that the children of Judea rose up in the morning about 10.15, and encamped against the supposed Gibeahrites. Among all those people assembled there were twenty-nine chosen left-handed stone-throwers, who could sling stones with much precision, and every one of whom could snuff a barn-door at long range.

Now, when the Phakirs became aware of this grand reception to be tendered to them they were sorely alarmed, even so as had been the Judeans, and they sent Proxy, the sideshow-blower, who had much gab, to conciliate the warriors with complimentaries; and lo and behold, great was the success of Proxy the Israelite, for he returned with the chief men and rulers of Judea, who said:

"Peace be with thee and thine, for this night indeed will we be with thee."

And they were.

CHAPTER III.—THE FARISITE'S HOME.

It was Summer in Paris, the home of Joseph the Parisite.

The showmen were just beginning to "plaster Paris" with announcements of forthcoming sensations. The trees were shooting forth their blossoms, and sweet-smelling flowers perfumed the air, while the happy birds in the Column Vendome sipped the water from the sparkling fountains, and warbled their thanks for the same in a merry roundelay, as they perched upon the trees and shrubbery in the green.

Oh, how sweet the days that have now gone, the days when I used to play around in childhood and sport in the Paris green.

But as Paris is no comparison to the rest of this history, and was only introduced as a front scene while the show was going on in the background in Judea, we will now proceed.

CHAPTER IV.—THE FLY-BYN-ITES.

Now, it came to pass early in the following day that Malachi the Singite and Herod the Dancite were exceeding well pleased with the result of their performance, and well pleased even were Proxy the Israelite and Joseph the Parisite; so they argued wisely that they would add to their number one McGurk, an Egyptian amateur jig-dancer, and Gill, a jugler, who had been with them at the performance, and who wished to travel with them and learn the business; and they said there must be more shekels in the giving of a great show than in the giving of a small one, and herein they spake words of truth. So it came to pass that McGurk and Gill continued with them, and that very day set they forth to another town, many leagues distant, laden heavily with "props." McGurk the Egyptian was commissioned to carry the bag of shekels, which was much heavy and burdensome for the sons of Jonah. Now, it is written in the Book of Hoyle that whosoever skinneth his partner the same is a sucker. It so happened that McGurk had heard of these things, and he reasoned unto himself:

"Why should I serve as servant under these Ishmaelites and Philistines? Is it not better that I should skip? Has it not been written that wealth maketh many friends?"

So he called unto him two of the brethren, and they lent unto him each an ear, and the words that he poured therein were good; for behold, that night, when they tarried to rest and drank plentifully of the wine, McGurk the Egyptian, Proxy the Ishmaelite, and Joseph the Parisite departed secretly, taking with them the shekels of gold and silver, leaving their brethren still sleeping, for the still was still upon them.

And it came to pass that when the sun arose the Boozeamites began to bestir themselves; for lo! it was high time for a ball. But McGurk was not with them. And when they had fully realized the calamity that had befallen them, loud and pitiful were the cries they lifted up; for verily they had not the wherefor to pay for their voyage across the water—nay! not even the price of a ball had they. And there was lamentation among them on account thereof; for lo! they were much fatigued, and thirsty also were they. Then said Gill the juggler, who had been faithful and remained with them:

"What say ye that we have a ball?"

And they all said, as with one voice:

"Where is it?"

And he of the chin answered:

"I know not as yet, good neighbors; but come, let us arise and hie ourselves to the house of yonder publican, and toss the bones with the keeper thereof."

And, now that it was agreed among them, they hied. When the Good Samaritan had poured out the fig-juice, they smiled and looked contented; but when he asked for ducats the Phakirs appeared not to agree with him; and it came to pass, when he was gone for his javelin, these players of harps left the hut and fled down to the sea, which is on the right as you go over to Babylon. But verily they had not even the kreutzers sufficient to pay for transportation, and lamented their sad fate. But it soon came to pass that Malachi the Singite, who had remained silent, arose and spake unto them, and the words he uttered were full of wisdom:

"Why do we sit still? The harvest is passed, and Summer now advances. So, what say ye, brethren, that we hock our harps and ulsters? for this day even will we make a sacrifice."

And Herod the Dancite answered and said:

"Yea, verily, this even will we do."

CHAPTER IV.—THE SHEENYITE.

And when it was come to pass that they would sacrifice their harps and ulsters, they journeyed but one league to one Levi, a Sheenyite, and there made they an offering. But when Levi saw that Gill the Leprosite was on the gouge, he spake unto them in Hebrew, saying:

"What wouldst thou that a man should do?"

And Herod spake up and answered:

"Fifty centimes, good Mr. Levi, is a noble ransom."

But Levi seemed to be displeased at what the Leprosite had spoken, and he called unto his wife Rachel to bring forth his sling and stones. When the Snapites heard this their suspicions became as though aroused, and they remained not with the Sheenyite, but departed hastily, and fled they down into the by-ways and public places, and great was the speed thereof. And behold! Herod the Dancite, who was first, led the way, while Gill the Leprosite, who was second, came next, and Malachi the Singite, who was in the rear, came last, and last also came Levi the Sheenyite. And until the sun set, journeyed they, and tarried they not until they came unto the river called Jourdan, and the distance they traveled was many leagues, yet Levi, who remained with them, deserted them not.

Upon arriving at the river Jourdan they halted, and, giving ear unto the wise counsel of Herod, collected they large pieces of timber, which there abounded, and, placing them together and binding and lashing them, produced they a flat vessel, upon which they embarked, leaving Levi upon the shore, sore enraged and discomfited because he was not with them.

And it came to pass that after many days had come and passed they drew near to a strange land, which Herod announced unto them was the Land of Pompey; and behold! they were more glad at the words he had spoken, as they had fasted and longed for many moons. And it so happened that in the seventh year, after they had perceived land, they approached somewhat nearer, and loud and high up were the exclamations sent they forth. Then unto them said Herod, the son of Jonah:

"Good fortune is with us this day, my brethren, for even now doth mine eyes behold the good Castle Garden, which stands on the bank of the Dead Sea; and methinks, even with my naked ears, can I hear the sounds of the multitude approaching to do us welcome."

And it came to pass that when they had landed, Herod, the son of Jonah, party of the first part, and Malachi his brother, the Singite, party of the second part, stepped they first from the junk; and Gill the Juggler and Leprosite stepped he last, and straightway proceeded they to look for the Temple. Now, it shortly came to pass that the Temple and multitude found they not. Then it was that Gill the Juggler, who had remained silent heretofore, lifted up his voice to Herod, the main guy, and spake:

"O Mr. Cull! bow down thine ear and harken. Open wide thy mouth and answer. Howbeit that the multitude are not so multitudinous as predicted in thy prophecy?"

And Herod answered him quickly, saying:

"I know not!"

Then spake Gill unto him again, saying:

"Thy words are as the tongue of a serpent, and I believeth not in them; and thy miracles even also do I despise."

Then, when Herod and his brother Malachi heard what Gill had spaken aloud, they whispered unto each other, saying: "We will slay this unbeliever," and they fell upon him with spears and javelins, and smote and slew him from the beginning of the day to the ending thereof, and he was well slewed; for behold! he was no more.

Now, when they had seen the accident which had befallen unto Gill they left the spot, and proceeded they up to the mountain to hunt for dates; but lo! it so happened that, it being Summer, they found dates exceedingly scarce, except a few cheap and useless kind, at which their stomachs revolted—so they returned sorely amazed, and then commenced they to dig into the ground, and there made for themselves an opening.

* * * * * * *

Herod, having died of chronic starvation at about this period—June 31, -70, 18¼ B. C.—makes it extremely difficult for the chronicler to narrate with truthfulness anything further regarding him.

The records found on the premises by Ely Jr. and old Bill Nerves show, beyond a doubt, that Malachi, rendered incomplete by the loss of his brother, became at last a Phakir, after which state he invented the sand-blast, and then died in horrible agony.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE, Easton.—"A man is returning to second base on the run, having started for third just before the striker made a foul, when the pitcher, who had received the ball since the foul, makes a motion to deliver it, but does not, for he sees the runner isn't back to second yet. The umpire called a balk on the pitcher, and gave him third base. Exception was taken to this ruling by the fielding side, who claimed that the ball was not 'in play' until the runner was back to the base, and so the pitcher could motion without balking. The umpire's point was that when the pitcher made a motion to deliver the ball, while in his position, and did not deliver it, he had no alternative but call a balk, there being nothing conditional in the rules to let him do otherwise. How is it?".....The umpire was correct. It was a plain balk.

VIRGINIAN, Norfolk.—From your statement of the case, it would appear that the referee, who was probably inexperienced in such matters, acted strangely in ordering that the race be run over at that time; but his decision is final, and the crew failing to abide by it loses. The Laws of Boat-racing, however, do not require that contestants making a dead heat should row over, it being optional with them to do so or divide the money; in amateur races, however, it is customary to row off to decide the possession of the prize, or first and second prizes, as the case may be. 2. The decision of the referee governs all back. 3. No declaration of "dead heat" was but a part of that decision.

W. F. BARKER, Somerville.—1. In his specialty of rifle-shooting at short distance we consider Dr. Carver without a superior; but he don't, as a rule, shoot at long distance for skill and endurance combined, in the use of the shotgun. 2. No record. 3. They have not been able to agree upon terms so far. Bogardus has always been ready to back his propositions with money, deposited in the regular way; but Carver insists upon leaving his with the firms whom he is advertising by using their rifles in his exhibitions throughout the country. Until the Doctor consents to do business in a sportsmanlike way, it is safe to say that no match will be made between them.

C. D. M., Bridgeport.—"1. When there are three balls pitched to the striker, and the first two of those have been called strikes, without the striker striking them, can the next ball following, if it is a bad ball, be called a ball? 2 Why is an error given the pitcher on three called balls, and not on one?".....1. No ball pitched on which a strike is called can count as an unfair ball. 2 To be consistent, the rule should give the pitcher an error for every unfair ball. Certainly, it is an error to give a man a base on three called balls, it is an error to have one ball called or even one counted. We do not count a base on called balls the pitcher's fielding error.

H. D., Waterbury.—"Two men out, man on third base; ball pitched on which strike is called, but ball goes through catcher's hands, and is partially stopped by hitting the umpire; runner attempts to score, ball fielded in by umpire, and runner touched by pitcher with ball in hand. Umpire, appealed to, decides 'dead ball,' and sends runner back to third base. Is this right?".....This is not a dead ball passed through the catcher's hands before touching the umpire, was not dead. The base-runner was legally put out, and the inning was ended.

MANITOBA, Winnipeg.—We are not aware that Hanlan was ever beaten in a match race. He was beaten by F. A. Plaisted, Frenchy Johnson, J. A. Landers, G. H. Hosmer, "Paudeen" Harrington, M. J. Ahearn, John Brown and Ralph Gaudaur at the Lake Quinsigamond Regatta in 1877, the Canadian not finishing, and by Plaisted, Johnson, J. A. Ten Eyck, D. D. Driscoll, John McKeel and G. H. Hosmer at Boston, July 4 following. Hanlan has defeated the last one for fouling the two first named. He is champion of America.

M. H. H., Hartford.—The "age," which alone could pass after the draw, having dropped out of the game, the player or be first was C, who sat next to the retired "ace." At draw-poker this "age" is like the deal—it alternates. There can be neither two deals in one round, nor two "ages." Unless, as a matter of course, by a special agreement to that effect. When B dropped out, the "age," which is absolutely that player who sits next to the dealer on the latter's left, also dropped out.

J. W. T., Middleport.—1. No. 2 We prefer not to rate performers except in our amusement columns. 3. Courtney was beaten by Johnson, Riley and others in a "square" race at Newark, New Jersey. That is a matter of opinion solely, and we do not care to give ours here. 5. The Epsom Derby was never won by an American horse. 6 That is a question not yet satisfactorily settled. Faulkner Beaumont probably the best regularly organized professional crew in America.

STRATTON, Philadelphia.—B loses in confessing himself beaten by three jacks when he himself has four eights. He must suffer the penalty of his own mistake. Poker, when properly played, is a show game; but B was not content for it to remain a show game. He insisted upon taking when there was no necessity for so to do. He could show aces upon the board, and still call A's three jacks good, and A would be entitled to the money. B's declaration would supersede his show, if A chose to accept that declaration.

NO BIG WARREN.—A list of the time works are now on sale. "Fistiana," as published in England, contained only the results of battles, with number of rounds, etc. "American Prize Ring" treats of the prize-ring in America, giving rounds of the more important battles. 2 So far as our knowledge extends, it is conducted as fairly as any other similar concern. 3 In the case of a fly-ball caught, he has to be put out; but as stated in your communication he cannot.

JIM MURPHY.—1. Josh Ward. 2. Courtney has made the fastest three-mile time on record. He has defeated Hamilton twice on a level track, and then he won with the utmost ease and in slow time. 3. No; G. Seward's time, 9¾ seconds, is the best for 100 yards. 4 Both E. W. Johnson and J. A. Ten Eyck, Duffy's best hop, step and jump, the former clearing 45ft. 11in., and the latter 45ft. 6in. 5. Courtney and Trickett never met.

ATLANTIC, Halifax.—"A was third man out in the sixth inning, mistaking the order he went first to the bat in the seventh inning, and was out at first by grounder to second-baseman. Umpire then gave B (who followed A) out for not batting in order. he was wrong, as B batting as he could not put B out for striking out of order, after putting A out."".....B struck out of order, and was rightly given out.

S. A. H., Brooklyn.—1. An amateur runner who, without protesting, contends in a race with a man whom he knows to be a professional, thereby forfeits his right to thereafter compete as an amateur. A professional is not one who competes or is competed in open competition, or for a stake, public money or admission money, or with known professionals for any sort of prize, or has taught or assisted in the pursuit of athletics as a means of livelihood.

CHAS. A. DAVENPORT.—1. We believe the only contest avowedly for the amateur ten-mile championship of Connecticut was that won by yourself Aug. 29 last. 2. The championship of a State can be held by a person residing outside of said State; but all contests for the same must take place within its borders, refusal on the part of the holder of the title to accept a challenge involving forfeit.

GUEST, Norristown.—1. If song and-dance men carry music for first and second violins, flute, clarionet, horns (French, or cornet and trombone) and double-bass, it will be sufficient, as others in the orchestra can "vamp" their scores. 2. Acme means the highest point of anything, as the acme of bliss. There are no such words as the others you mention.

HENRY HEALL, Brooklyn.—1. The little ship "Red, White and Blue," which sailed from this port to England eleven years ago, with a two-masted and a dog on board, was 25½ feet long, 5¼ feet wide, 2½ tons burden, was three-masted, and carried 16 sails, with an area of canvas equal to 65 yards. 2. Goldsmith Maid has repeatedly beaten Dexter's time.

EXETER.—The decision of the umpire disqualifying the Elizabeths settled the bet in favor of your friend. The rule bearing on the matter distinctly says that "no fouling by the fielding side will be allowed; the boat committing a foul shall be disqualified." Had the Eurekas not finished first, they would unquestionably have claimed a foul.

ONE OF OUR READERS, Zanesville.—1. There is no established school for instruction in the dramatic art in this city. 2. Twenty one years of age is not too old to commence the dramatic profession. 3, 4. See some manager personally, and endeavor to get an engagement to play general utility.

JAMES SMITH, Bayonne.—1. There is no publication containing a full account of the Heenan Sayers fight on sale. 2. We believe that Heenan is

CRICKET.

RECORD OF THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM.
An Exciting Contest with Professionals.

Captain John Conway, the secretary of the Australian team of cricketers, arrived at New York by the steamer City of Berlin on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 14, and took up his quarters at the Grand Central Hotel, where he will be properly taken care of by the genial old cricketer Frank Crockett, who will no doubt act as umpire for the visitors during their sojourn in New York. We visited the Captain on Monday morning, just as he was about to call at THE CLIPPER office, and ascertained the following interesting details of the team's visit to England, and of the disarrangement of the dates of some of the proposed matches in America, which has been necessitated by the abandonment of the visit to St. Louis, the yellow-fever scare in that city having entirely rescinded the playing of any cricket match there by the visiting team. As the Montreal clubs have been very desirous of having the Australians visit them, the Captain has decided to fill up the gap occasioned by the failure of the St. Louis match by replacing them with the Montreal team. This, of course, obliges a rearrangement of the dates of the American and Canadian matches; but it will not change those of the New York and Philadelphia meetings. As there is ample time to give due publicity to the change of dates of the matches appointed for Detroit and Toronto, the disappointment the alter ation of time may create will be trifling. The Captain proposes to go from Philadelphia to Montreal, and thence to Toronto and Detroit, stopping a day at Niagara en route. The new schedule of dates named by Captain Conway is as follows:

Oct. 1 and 2. Australian eleven vs. eighteen of New York.
Oct. 3,4 and 5, Australian eleven vs. eleven of Philadelphia.
Oct. 8 and 9, Australian eleven vs. twenty-two of Montreal.
Oct. 11 and 12, Australian eleven vs. twenty-two of Toronto.
Oct. 14 and 15, Australian eleven vs. twenty-two of Detroit.
Oct. 24, 25 and 26, Australian eleven vs. twenty-two of San Francisco.
Oct. 28. Leave on steamer for Melbourne.

The dates of the New York, Philadelphia, and San Francisco matches will not be changed; but there may be an alteration of some of the others. The regular dates, however, will be fixed this week. The matches above named, however, are fixed, the dates mainly depending upon the facility in traveling from place to place. Their last States match, however, must be played so as to allow them ample time to reach San Francisco by the 23d of October.

THE TEAM'S ENGLISH RECORD.

When it is considered that the Australians have encountered the strongest county elevens England can present, in matches eleven vs. eleven, and have defeated such county teams as Middlesex—the champion team—Yorkshire, Surrey, Leicester, Sussex and Gloucestershire, and also defeated English teams of eighteen nine times, losing but two and drawing seven, it is evident that they present an unprecedented record of successes against the best players of the English cricket field. The full record, however, speaks for itself:

ELEVEN VS. ELEVEN.

May 20, 21, 22, Australian vs. Nottingham, at Nolts—lost.
May 27, 28, 29, Australian vs. Marylebone Club, at Lords—won.
May 30, 31, June 1, Australian vs. Yorkshire, at Hudderfield—won.
June 3, 4, 5, Australian vs. Surrey, at Oval—won.
June 17, 18, 19, Australian vs. Gents of England, at Prince's—lost.
June 20, 21, 22, Australian vs. Middlesex, at Lords—won.
July 1, 2, 3, Australian vs. Yorkshire, at Sheffield—lost.
July 8, 9, Australian vs. Orleans Club, at Twickenham—drawn.
July 15, 16, 17, Australian vs. Leicester, at Leicester—won.
July 22, 23, 24, Australian vs. Cambridge University, at Lords—lost.
Aug. 15, 16, 17, Australian vs. Lancashire County—drawn.
Aug. 29, 30, 31, Australian vs. Sussex, at Brighton—won.
Sept. 2, 3, 4, Australian vs. Players of England, at Oval—won.
Sept., 5, 6, 7, Australian vs. Gloucestershire, at Clifton—won.

ELEVEN VS. EIGHTEEN.

June 6, 7, 8, Australian vs. Eland—won.
June 10, 11, 12, Australian vs. Bailey—drawn.
June 13, 14, 15, Australian vs. Longsigh.—lost.
June 24, 25, 26, Australian vs. Birmingham—drawn.
June 27, 28, 29, Australian vs. Leeds—drawn.
July 4, 5, 6, Australian vs. Stockport—won.
July 10, 11, Australian vs. Swansea—won.
July 12, 13, Australian vs. Oldham—drawn.
July 18, 19, 20, Australian vs. Hull—won.
July 25, 26, 27, Australian vs. Crewe—won.
July 29, 30, 31, Australian vs. Keighley—won.
Aug. 1, 2, 3, Australian vs. Rochdale—drawn.
Aug. 5, 6, Australian vs. Buxton—drawn.
Aug. 8, 9, 10, Australian vs. Liverpool—won.
Aug. 12, 13, 14, Australian vs. Duckley—drawn.
Aug. 19, 20, 21, Australian vs. Yeadon—lost.
Aug. 22, 23, 24, Australian vs. Scarborough—won.
Aug. 26, 27, 28, Australian vs. Hastings—won.

The summary of the above is as follows:

Matches won, eleven vs. eleven	8
Matches won, eleven vs. eighteen	9
Matches lost, eleven vs. eleven	4
Matches drawn, eleven vs. eleven	7
Matches lost, eleven vs. eighteen	2
Matches drawn, eleven vs. eighteen	1
Total matches won	17
Total matches lost	6
Total matches drawn	8
Total matches played to Sept. 8	32

In one of the eighteens with whom they played and lost, W. G. Grace and Wm. Gilbert played; while the Australians had not the services of C. Bannerman and Gregory in another. In the Gloucester match, too, eleven vs. eleven, the Australians played two of others played. In the above games the only centuries scored were by C. Bannerman and Mr. Bailey, the former scoring 133 against the Leicester County team, and the latter 106 against the eighteen of Hastings. The following games were to be played when the Captain left England:

Sept. 9, 10, Australian vs. Gents of England, at Scarsboro.
Sept. 13, 14, Australian vs. Glasgow.
Sept. 16, 17, Australian vs. Sunderland.

THE MATCH WITH THE PROFESSIONALS.

No contest of the series played by the australians in England attracted more attention than did that with the professional team. As it was looked to ward to as sure to draw a vast crowd of spectators, the players who had proposed taking part in it on the professional side thought to take advantage of it by asking an increase of pay for the occasion. The ordinary pay for a professional in England in a contest of the kind is £5 ($25) per man for the match. The Australians offered to double this and give each player £10; but at the last moment the professionals, thinking they had the Australians at their mercy, demanded £20 ($100) per man. This did not work with the Captain, and he threw up the match. Afterwards, however, eleven first-class professionals volunteered to play for the £10 pay, and the contest took place, and at its close Captain Conway, to show that he had not been influenced by money considerations in the matter, presented each of the players with a £20 note, so the "strikers" who grasped at the shadow lost the real bone. The contest took place at the Oval on Sept. 2, 3 and 4, proved to be one of the most noteworthy matches in the history of professional cricketing. *The London Standard* of Sept. 4 says:

"The match may be designated as a 'bowlers'' match essentially, and one unusually full of remarkable coincidences from start to finish. It may be described briefly as one of the most interesting and closely-contested games of the season, and the recollection of it will long dwell in the memories of those who had the good fortune to witness it."

The attendance was immense, fully fifteen thousand people being present the second day, and a more exciting close to a game has rarely been seen than that which marked this match. The Australians went to the bat first, and their ten wickets fell to the credit of Barratt's bowling, seven being caught and three stumped. C. Bannerman was sent first to the bat, and he was last man out, with the credit of half a century for his score. Seven of the Australian eleven scored duck-eggs in this remarkable inning. Barratt, a left-handed twister, and Allan had his men placed on the off side. In Bannerman's 51 there were three hits for 4 each, and four hits for 3 each, with a dozen 2's, all made by fine cricket.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

The closing part of the contest was exciting in the extreme. In the first place, it was a thoroughly representative team match, and on both sides the most earnest efforts were made to win, the Australians being deeply anxious to defeat an English professional eleven, while professionals were just as desirous of conquering the eleven which had defeated so many of the strong county teams of England. The score had been run up to 56, leaving but 29 to win, and there were yet seven wickets to fall. At this time Messrs. Boyle and Spofforth went in to bowl in place of Messrs. Allan and Garrett. Spofforth's first ball—shooter—took Charlwood's wicket—fourth for 56. J. Phillips next retired, caught by Boyle off his own bowling—fifth wicket for 59; and 67 had been recorded when Watson was bowled to a "Yorker" from Spofforth. When 70 had been reached, Boyle was released by Garrett, and shortly after H. Phillips was run out—seventh wicket for 71, and only 14 to get to win. Lillywhite now came in, and the excitement began to rise to fever-heat. He had barely got in when Wheeler was splendidly bowled by Spofforth—eighth wicket for 71. Now came McIntyre, and it was fully expected that he and Lillywhite would get the score. Here it was, however, that the fine staying qualities and telling up-hill play of the Australians were displayed to the best advantage, and Lillywhite had just added two to the score when that, with ordinary fielding, would have yielded four—A. Bannerman's splendid fielding alone preventing it—when he was clean bowled by Garrett—ninth wicket for 73. With only twelve to get to win, Barratt joined McIntyre, and the excitement in regard to the match culminated when the latter hit Spofforth for two and again for a single. Only nine runs were now wanted, and Spofforth's last ball was to be bowled to Barratt. It was a tempting ball, and Barratt let out at it, but only to hear his middle stump fall, amid loud applause, which greeted the well-earned victory of the Australians.

First Inning. AUSTRALIAN.		Second inning.
A. Bannerman c. McIntyre b. Barratt	51	c. and b. Barlow 25
C. Bannerman c. Barlow b. Barratt	15	b. McIntyre 4
Horan c. Watson b. Barratt	0	b. McIntyre 4
Murdoch st. H. Phillips b. Barratt	14	c. Hearne b. McIntyre 0
Spofforth st. H. Phillips b. Barratt	0	b. McIntyre 0
Bailey c. Lillywhite b. Barratt	0	b. Barlow 12
Gregory c. J. Phillips b. Barratt	0	not out 9
Blackham st. H. Phillips b. Barratt	0	b. Barlow 0
Boyle c. J. Phillips b. Barratt	8	c. and b. McIntyre 4
Garrett c. Watson b. Barratt	0	c. Hearne b. Barratt 10
Allen not out	0	b. McIntyre 4
Byes, etc	8	Byes, 3; leg byes, 3 6
Total	77	Total 89

First Inning. PROFESSIONAL.		Second Inning
Rigley, c. and b. Allan	18	b. Allan 10
Barlow st. Murdoch b. Allan	16	b. Spofforth 8
J. Phillips, not out	19	c. and b. Boyle 4
Hearne b. Spofforth	8	b. Garrett 12
Charlwood c. Boyle b. Spofforth	0	b. Spofforth 12
Wheeler b. Spofforth	0	b. Spofforth 4
Watson b. Spofforth	0	b. Spofforth 7
H. Phillips c. Boyle b. Spofforth	8	run out 2
Lillywhite c. Allan b. Boyle	0	b. Garrett 2
Barratt b. Spofforth	0	b. Spofforth 0
McIntyre c. Murdoch b. Spofforth	10	not out 3
Byes, 4; leg byes, 7	11	Byes 2
Total	82	Total 76

Total for Australians, 166; for Professionals, 158.

BOWLING SCORE.

AUSTRALIANS—First Inning.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Barratt	29	11	43	10
Watson	14	4	23	—
Lillywhite	8	4	9	—
Hearne	6	4	2	—
Second Inning.	10.1	2	15	1
Barratt	9	4	15	—
Hearne	21	24	6	
McIntyre	38	18	29	3
Barlow	PLAYERS—First Inning.			
Spofforth	34.2	18	37	7
Garrett	12	8	8	—
Allan	30	13	18	2
Boyle	8	5	8	1
Second Inning.	27	10	38	5
Spofforth	15	8	16	1
Allan	13	8	13	2
Garrett	8	4	7	1
Boyle				

THE PHILADELPHIA ELEVEN.—The eleven to represent Philadelphia in the great cricket match with the renowned Australian team on Oct. 3, 4, 5, has been selected as follows: George, Charles, Daniel and Robert Newhall, Jowns; George Carpenter, Young Americas; Caldwell, Brewster, John and Thomas Hargreaves, Germantowns; Comfort and E. Hopkins of the Philadelphias, and S. Law of the Merions. The price of general admission to the ground has been fixed at thirty-five cents, and subscription seat-tickets (not including admission) can be obtained now at the office of McKean, Newhall & Borie, 225 Church street.

DEATH OF THOMAS HUMPHREY.—We very much regret to announce the demise of this celebrated old Surrey County cricketer, which occurred at Brookwood, near Woking, Eng., on Sept. 3, the immediate cause of death being congestion of the lungs.

A POLO MATCH between the Wabbaquassett Club of Woodstock and the Washmoquett Club of Pomfret, Ct., attracted a large crowd to the grounds of the "Wabbys" on Saturday, Sept. 14. The opposing teams were: Wabbaquassett—Louis A. Chandler, Edward A. Bowen, and Frank D. Bowen. Washmoquett—Benj. S. Warner, Edward Matthewson, and F. W. Greene. Seven games were played, all but one of which were won by the local team.

A LACROSSE MATCH was played at Prospect Park, brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 14, between sides chosen from the Brooklyn (formerly Prospect Park) and Ravenswood Clubs. The players were: Logan's side—Maxwell, Richey, D. Graw, Rev. Mr. Slicer, Daniels and Baker. Armstrong's side—Cuff, Whitecar, Miner, Fisher and Maxwell. Logan's side won six goals to their opponents' one.

AQUATIC.

THAMES INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.

Our foreign mail, just to hand, contains particulars of the international (?) regatta on the Thames, Eng., Aug. 31, Sept. 2. We reproduce *The Sporting Life's* account of the final heats in the two more important races:

Champion fours—first prize, £150; second, £25; third, £10. Putney to Chiswick Church.

Tyne—R. W. Boyd (bow), W. Lumsden, W. Nicholson, W. Elliott (stroke)..... 1
Thames—T. Green (bow), W. Messenger, J. Higgins, H. Thomas (stroke)..... 0

At starting, the Thames men, rowing terrifically fast, led, and at the Star and Garter were half a length in front, but from this point the Northerners began to draw up inch by inch, at the boathouses they were level, and, although Thames spurted pluckily and drew slightly away again, the advantage was not sustained. Indeed, the race was all over at half a mile, for the Tynesiders, rowing well within themselves, here led by half a length. At Craven Cottage they were clear, and in crossing over to the Surrey side they rowed right in front of the Thames men, giving them the benefit of their wash. The rest of the race was merely a procession. At the Soap Works, where the Tynesiders had to come out in midstream to avoid the rowboats, they were three lengths ahead; the Putney about twelve lengths astern. No further change occurred, the Tyndsiders paddling past the post the winners by about three lengths. Time to Hammersmith Bridge, 8m. 2s.; and the full distance, 12m. 36s.

Champion Sculls—first prize, Challenge Cup, value £100, with £75; second, £10. Chiswick Church to Putney.

W. Elliott, Pegswood..... 1
J. Higgins, Shadwell..... 6

Higgins was very anxious to get off, and twice broke away but finally they were despatched on even terms, though Higgins quickly took the lead, rowing a very fast stroke. Halfway down the Eyot he was half a length ahead, but he unfortunately worked the button of his right sculll outside the rowlock, and, missing the water, fell on his back in his boat, nearly capsizing before he got his scull out of the water, of which he shipped a great deal, and by the time he set his boat going again Elliott was three lengths ahead. Still Higgins rowed on pluckily, and when it was seen that he gained the excitement became intense. At the Oil Mills there was barely a length between the two boats, and thus they rowed with very little variation, to the Doves; but from this point Elliot came away, passing under Hammersmith Bridge three lengths ahead, and the race was all over; for it was evident Higgins was settled, as from here to the Point he did not row, on an average, a faster stroke than 36 per minute—at times 33—and never gained an inch. Towards the finish, Higgins put on one or two good spurts; but, Elliott answering with a faster stroke, there was no change in their positions, the Tynesider ultimately winning by about six lengths.

COURTNEY AND HANLAN.

All that we have new in connection with the match between C. E. Courtney and Edward Hanlan is the announcement of a decision, arrived at since our previous issue, that the contest shall be for the championship of America. This alteration in the original terms of the agreement is due to a resolution on the part of the people of Montreal (as represented by the Lachine Boating Club) not to subscribe the promised six thousand-dollar purse unless the race should involve the title of champion. Rightly considering that, if the championship was not included in the issue, the race, aside from the suspicion of hippodroming which would attach to it, would prove less interesting and attractive than otherwise, and as a consequence the number drawn to Montreal to see it would be much smaller than if a second meeting on a possibly more accessible place than Lachine were probable, the Montrealers put down their foot, and the principals could not do otherwise than submit as gracefully as they could. The championship being clearly at stake, and began practice on a course which was as strange to him as it is to Courtney, who was expected to arrive at the scene on Monday, Sept. 16. Quarters having been secured for him at the house occupied by Renforth's crew from the "coaly Tyne," previous to their race with the St. John four on the same water, eight years ago. The course for the race will be upon that occasion, be laid out on Lake St. Louis, as the widening St. Lawrence River at this point is called, and, being much exposed to the influence of the wind, it cannot be regarded as reliable rowing water, especially at this season of the year, when it is liable to be broken up into hillocks nine days out of ten. The Paris crew, it may be remembered, attributed the cause of their defeat solely to the roughness of the water, and recent reports from that section are far from encouraging. The Lachine course, it is said, is also troubled by considerable much annoyance and the abandonment of the four-oared race, while a dispatch informs us that the course was in no condition for rowing on the 14th, and probably it had not been thoroughly fit at any time between those dates. The articles call for smooth water, and, as both men will insist upon the observance of this important stipulation, there is a possibility of postponement, and those who contemplate attending the race have reason to pray for favorable conditions. The course, which lies between the Lachine shore and the Isle Dorval, will be flagged from end to end, in order that each contestant may keep his own water and fouling be rendered out of the question, save from design or the most glaring stupidity, neither of which is expected to manifest itself. There will also be a commodious grand stand at the point of start and finish, the price of admission to which it is proposed to include in the railroad fare from Montreal.

SMITH vs. RILEY.

Instead of having to chronicle the making of a match between Warren Smith and James H. Riley, as we thought would result from the proposition made by the latter's backer in last week's CLIPPER, it is our unpleasant province to announce the complete breaking-off of the negotiations which had been pending between them, and the formal claiming of forfeit on behalf of Smith, as will be observed from the following telegram:

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 12.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR CLIPPER, N. Y.—Have drawn on you for two hundred dollars, now in your hands. If Riley wants a match, and will put up five hundred dollars before Sept. 20, we will cover it immediately; the race to be rowed on Bedford Basin before Oct. 5, we allowing $100 for expenses. J. R. TOWNSEND, Halifax R. C.

While we regret that matters have assumed this unsatisfactory shape, it cannot be denied that Smith has solid foundation for his claim of forfeit, the $100 posted in our hands by each of the principals, through their representatives, having been expressly designated as forfeit money, agreeable to usage, the match falling through solely because Riley's backer refused to live up to the articles drawn up by himself, or at his own dictation, and for which by him to Smith, who at once signed them, without alteration of any of the conditions thereof, and returned them without avoidable delay, the balance of his share of the $500 being also staked in the proper hands at the time named in the articles.

NONPAREIL BOAT CLUB.

On Sept. 10 the second annual regatta of this club was held on the Harlem River, this city, over a straightaway course of one mile, weather cloudy and threatening. The sport was fairly good, the several races resulting as follows:

Single-sculls—J. B. Couch, 1; D. Munro, 2; G. W. Johnson, 3. Won easily; time 7m. 55s. Junior pair-oar gigs—J. R. Donnell, C. M. Martin (stroke), C. E. Gatter (cox.), 1; J. Macklin, A. Braun (stroke), T. Glynn (cox.), 2; J. D. Beers, J. McKibbin (stroke), J. Dutton (cox.), 3. Another easy win; time, 7m. 38s. Senior pair-oar gigs—P. McDonnell, A. Masters (stroke), C. E. Gatter (cox.), 1; D. Munro, G. W. Johnston, (stroke), T. Glynn (cox.), 2; time, 7m. 31s. Four-oar gigs—D. Kells (bow), J. McKibbin, J. D. Beers, J. B. Couch (stroke), D. Munro (cox.), 1; P. J. Scannell (bow), J. Macklin, A. Braun, J. R. O'Donnell (stroke), C. E. Gatter (cox.), 2; Hutton (bow), W. J. Forbes, G. W. Johnston (stroke), T. Glynn (cox.), 3; time, 7m. 6s. Handicap 200-yards swim—H. M. Martin (scratch), 1; A. Masters (15sec.), 2; McDonnell (10), disqualified.

BROWN AND LYNCH attempted to decide their threesome match, for $300, at Pittsburg, Sept. 14. The river was full of driftwood, some of which Brown caught after rowing a hundred yards, allowing Lynch to pass him. After extricating himself, he laid down to his work, drew upon and passed Lynch, and a half mile from the start had a half length the best of it. Just here Ed. Powell, trainer for Brown, rowed down after the men, whereupon Lynch, evidently thinking he had a chance to get out of a high scrape, turned, pulled back to the referee's boat, and claimed the race on the plea that the rules had been violated by Brown being coached, forgetting that in order to benefit by such claim it was necessary for him to row over the entire course. Tom Rees, the referee, and a man of great experience in that line, ordered that the men row again Sept. 16. The confidence exhibited in the contestants by their backers was shown by an increase of the stakemoney to $500.

THE COLUMBIA BOAT CLUB were compelled by the prevalence of a very high wind and consequent rough water to postpone all of the races save that for eight-oared barges arranged for decision Sept. 14 at South Brooklyn, L. I. The distance pulled was a mile and a half with a turn, and the contesting crews were as follow: Barges—A. Delvery, Thos. Mallett, J. Reynolds, Jr., Capt. England, W. Chapman, George S. Barnes, Fred Boyd, C. W. Lippitt (stroke); F. F. Lavens (cox'swain). Constitution—R. G. Mallett, H. L. Street, T. C. Iverson, George W. England, C. F. Butler, F. S. Stokes, C. S. Osborne (stroke), J. C. French (cox'swain). It was a closely contested race, the Electra winning by seven seconds in 17m. 15s. The postponed races will take place on the same course on Saturday, Sept. 21.

THE BATTERY SAILING CLUB held their annual regatta, from the Battery around Robbins' Reef Light-house and return, a distance of about nine miles, Sept. 15. Seven boats started, the prizes being a gold medal and $25 for the first boat, $15 to the second, and $10 to the third; the medal to be won three times before becoming personal property. The winners were respectively P. Ginerty's Ballou's Pet, Hosman's Tom Sayrs, and Collins' John M. Poynter. The first-named also won the medal last year.

HIGGINS NOT IN IT.—For the present John Higgins, champion sculler of England, is out of the race for the new challenge cup offered by the proprietors of *The Newcastle* (Eng.) *Chronicle*, as the cable informs us that in the first trial, rowed on the Thames Sept. 16, he was beaten by Wm. Elliott by four lengths. Should Elliott win the final to-day (Tuesday), as is probable, much interest will be added to his next match with Higgins, which is sure to follow.

THE AMERICAN BOAT CLUB held a regatta at Allen's Baths, East River, this city, Sept 14. Junior single-sculls, one mile, turn—F. Connors, 1; Thos. Heuney, 2. Senior single-sculls, three miles, turn—Wm. Allen, 1; M. Powers, 2; E. Allen, 3. Time, 26m. Single sculls, new members, three miles, turn—D. Dinklespiel, 1; beating C. Gildersleeve and Jesse Lobenstein. Double sculls, two miles, turn—Connors and Keep, 1. Time, 19m. 30½s.

A RACE in four-oared working-boats was participated in by three crews belonging to the Oxford Boat Club of Boston, Mass., Sept. 14. They pulled about two miles and a half, for $15 to first, $10 to second, and leather medals to third, and the victors were: J. Crane (bow), D. McCarthy, J. Lowbridge, R. Sullivan (stroke). They finished about twenty yards ahead of N. Quinn (bow), Kerrigan, Owen Tierney, T. McCarthy (stroke).

COLORED OARSMEN sculled for two cups, offered by Edward Hanlan, at Toronto, Ont., Sept. 7. They pulled on rough water, in skiffs limited to 18 feet in length, distance about a mile and a half, and Ed. Sarsonette won by three lengths from Ben Johnson, who led Aaron Russell nearly two minutes. A. Williams, Chas. Bannister and Chas. Touns didn't finish.

WM. KENNY AND DAN'L HAYES started to row from the Battery, this city, to Bedloe's Island and return, for a "century" in greenbacks, Sept. 15; but the wind was high and the water rough, and when he had covered about half the distance between the two points Hayes was capsized, Kenny completing the course.

A RACE IN 16-FOOT WORKING-BOATS was rowed by four men employed in J. H. Starin's ship-yard Sept. 10, the course being from the yard to Bedloe's Island and return, about two miles and a hall. T. Waters, 119lb, won, easily beating C. Ross, F. Scott and T. Allen, all heavy-weights.

FOUR SCULLISTS contended for a piece of plate offered as a prize by Justin Sack of West Brighton, S. I., on the Kill Von Kull, Sept. 14. The distance was two miles, and Henry Belfair led from end to end, defeating Wm. Roberts by one length, Robert Bucklin and Thos. Sharp.

JOSEPH SADLER was beaten by John Hawdon in a scullers' race over the Thames championship course, Sept. 14, for £100 a side, Sept. 14. Hawdon came in four lengths ahead. The winner is a Tynesider, and is matched against both Lumsden and Cannon.

THE PROVINCETOWN (MASS.) YACHT CLUB sailed their Fall regatta Sept. 13. The distance was about nine miles across the harbor and outside of Long Point, and the winners: First-class, Goldsmith Maid and Daisy; second, Topsy and Maggie.

JAMES MANTON, the sculler of Wheeling, W. Va., who last Summer defeated Morgan of Pittsburg, seriously stabbed another Wheelingite, named Frank Coyle, in a saloon at Pittsburg, Sept. 14. The cutter escaped.

P. J. MCDONALD AND JOHN J. MCGRATH were to have sculled from the Battery around Ellis Island and back, N. Y. H., Sept. 15; but rough water caused a postponement until Sept. 18.

THOS. BOYLE outsculled John Bisbee in a two-mile race, working-boats, Sept. 14, for $10 a side. Halfway over the course Bisbee ran into a tub and capsized, Boyle finishing alone.

SIR HUGH ALLYN is chairman of the Citizens' Committee having charge of arrangements in connection with the coming Hanlan-Courtney sculling match in Canada.

RECENT ADVICES FROM AUSTRALIA report Edward Trickett's injured hand as having completely healed, and that he had resumed work with the sculls.

M. F. DAVIS AND PATSY REAGAN are matched to row four miles with a turn on Silver Lake, Plympton, Mass., Oct. 8, the stakes being $1,000 a side.

A SIX-OARED GIG-RACE, one mile and a half straightaway, will take place between the Ariel and Eccentric Clubs at Newark, N. J., Sept. 19.

THE REGATTA which was to have taken place at Sturgeon Point, Ont., Sept. 12, 13, was, owing to bad weather, postponed to Sept. 18, 19.

S. GOOKIN won the professional, and J. B. Riley the amateur scullers' race at the Shawmut Club regatta, Boston, Mass., Sept. 9.

TYROS are to hold a regatta on the Charles River, Boston, Mass., Sept. 19.

ATHLETIC.

O'LEARY vs. HUGHES.

We present below a copy of the agreement signed at Gilmore's Garden, this city, Sept. 11, by the pedestrians whose names appear above:

"This agreement, made this 11th day of September, 1878, between Daniel O'Leary of Chicago, Ill., party of the first part, and John Hughes of New York City, party of the second part, witnesseth, that, whereas, the party of the first part is now the holder of the championship belt won by him in London in March last, and the party of the second part has duly challenged him to a match therefor, pursuant to the conditions on which the same is held; now, therefore, this agreement witnesseth that the parties hereto hereby agree to compete for the said championship belt of the world, won by the party of the first part in London in March last, and the sum of one thousand dollars, which sum has been deposited by the parties hereto in the hands of Sir John D. Astley. The match is to take place at Gilmore's Concert Garden, New York City, and is to commence Sept. 30, 1878, at one o'clock, A. M., and to end Oct. 5, 1878, at eleven o'clock P. M. The party covering the greatest distance during that time, by either running or walking, without assistance, is to be declared the winner. The match is to be subject to the same conditions as that at which the said belt was won by the party of the first part, so far as the same are applicable, and the belt is to be held by the winner on the same terms and conditions as it is now held. The match is to be under the auspices of the athletic clubs in and about the city of New York, but all matters of dispute are to be referred to the trustees of the Amateur Athletic Club of London, whose decision shall be final. One-half of the gross proceeds of gate-money is to be divided between the parties hereto as follows: Three-quarters thereof to go to the winner, and the balance thereof to the loser, according to the decision of Sir John D. Astley, as published in *The Sporting Life* of Aug. 28, 1878. Witness our hands and seals the day and year first above written.

DANIEL O'LEARY.
JOHN HUGHES."

"In presence of D. Murray.

SCOTTISH-AMERICAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

Handicap games were held by this club at their grounds, in this city, Sept. 14. There was a fairly-good attendance, and some interesting sport was enjoyed, the results of the several competitions being as follow: Seventy-five yards run—First heat won by W. J. Rendell, second by J. Burns, third a dead heat between D. H. Steel and L. A. Sylvester, fourth also dead between E. C. La Montagne and J. D. Freeman, and the fifth ditto between A. Ing and J. D. Riblet, these dead heats being, curiously enough, run in the same time, 7¾sec. Second trial heats—First, won by Burns, Steel second, and the second by Riblet, Freeman second. Third trial heat—Ing first, Riblet second. Three-mile run—H. A. C. (7 yards start), 1; Steel, G. A. C. (6 yds.), 2; Freeman, M. A. C. (7), and Burns, G. A. C. (6), also ran. Won by a foot; time, 17m. 7¾s. Throwing the hammer—C. A. Querberner (scratch), 80ft. 2in.; A. Thompson (4 feet), 69ft. 9in.; J. Dunning (10 feet), 60ft. 2in.; W. S. Bennett (18 feet), 57ft. 10in. Three-mile walk—T. H. Armstrong, H. A. C., won easily, Wm. Purdy, Caledonian, second. Tug-of-war—Scottish-American A. C., 1; New York A. C., 2. Won in two pulls easily in 1m. 55s. and 45s. respectively. The opposing teams were: S. A. C.—Wm. Arnold, J. Dunning, C. A. J. Queckberner and A. Thompson. N. Y. A. C.—Wm. B. Curtis, H. E. Buermeyer, C. H. Truax, J. G. Truax and Geo. M. Smith. Judges, W. J. Kendrick and John Gaih; Referee, Daniel Stern.

JAMES L. DOWNEY exhibitionized again at Masonic Hall, Williamsburg, L. I., Sept. 14. It is claimed for him that he walked 100 miles in 18h. 27m., but the way in which the affair is managed renders it of no reference in the way of a report. Downey is a good and fast walker, but he makes a mistake in displaying his powers after this fashion. If he desires to secure a reputation he must adopt a different method from that which he and his managers have pursued so far; but the failure of his backers to come to terms with Ennis would seem to indicate that they are not disposed to risk their money in stakes, preferring to take chances on the "gate."

THE AMERICAN A. C. held games at their grounds in Hoboken, N. J., Sept. 14, the friends of the members being present in pretty large force. The results were as follow:—L. E. Goodwin (10 yards), 1; M. Bishop (6), 2; time, 14sec. Two-mile walk—J. D. Buschman, 1; C. E. Lewis, 2; time, 17m. 55¾s. One-mile run—H. G. Badgly, 1; time, 5m. 35s. Standing high jump—J. Mc. Clelland by two inches. Three-mile run—J. W. Goodwin and J. P. McKay, dead heat, to be run over.

M. A. C.—The entries for the sixteen events composing the list at the Fall games at Manhattan Park, Sept. 21, include nearly all the best amateur athletes in the country. The track has been carefully prepared, and, as the several competitions promise to be very keen, an afternoon of enjoyment may be expected. Admission, 25 cents, and of beautiful design, and are now on exhibition at Brambull, Smith & Sparks, 104 Broadway.

"JACK GOULDING offers prizes for several events to take place at the Fall games at Manhattan Park, Sept. 21. The competitions will be: One mile run, for all amateurs that never beat five minutes—prize, silver cup; seventy-five yards run, for all that never won a prize, two silver medals; one mile walk, best two in three heats; three-mile handicap, open to all, two silver medals. Entrance in each event, free. Entries close Sept. 21.

A SERIES OF WALKING CONTESTS for prizes took place at the Norwalk, Ct., fair grounds Sept. 12. J. C. Moore walked ten miles against time (90m.) in 99m. 49s.; Geo. W. Law a like distance in 100m. 5s., in a contest with four others for money prizes, Jerry Merritt taking second money and John Carter third; and Geo. Sandford five miles against time (49m.) in 47m. 30s.

GEORGE WHITFIELD of Newark, N. J., attempted to run from Broad and Market streets, Newark, to Elizabeth, N. J., in one hour, for a third-race bet of $25, Sept. 14, but took just thirty minutes longer to do the journey. John Hughes, now matched with O'Leary, kept Whitfield company for about eight miles, finishing as fresh as Jersey eggs.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB of San Francisco, Cal., elected the following officers Sept. 2: President, H. P. Fletcher; vice-presidents, J. H. Wilson; secretary, D. Simmons; treasurer, George C. Pratt; directors, C. Germain; directors, H. B. Havens, A. S. Barney, Dr. Tho. Boyson, F. W. Curtis, George Allman and Wilson Davidson.

PAT FITZGERALD, familiarly known to our readers when he lived in New York this city, as "Young Wild," is credited with running ten miles in 45m 53s. at the Mechanics A. C. Sports, Montreal, Canada, Sept. 7. They must have some fast running matches in that section.

HOMER LAW, than whom there is no more scientific collar-and-elbow wrestler, is giving exhibitions through California with Ira Jenkins of Cincinnati, O., and expects to land in New York some time in December. Homer has been absent for some years.

H. C. F. MAGNER of Emerson, Iowa (formerly of Pittsburg, Pa.), a sprinter said to possess an exceptionally fine turn of speed, has three races on hand at present. He purposes coming East this fall.

A LACROSSE MATCH was played at Quebec, Canada, Sept. 7, by the Shamrocks and Caughnawaga Indian team, the former winning the first game in two minutes, the third in nine, and the fifth in seven.

JOHN ENNIS' entry for the Astley tourney in London, Eng., next month, is acknowledged in *The Sporting Life* of Aug. 31, up to which date no other American had been heard from.

W. C. CONKLIN, Plainfield A. C., was the winner of the 880 yards handicap at the games of the Glenwood A. C., Yonkers, instead of W. P. Gibson, as previously reported.

THE MILE WALK, for men who had not beaten 8min., at Ravenswood, L. I., Sept. 7, was won by Hall in 8min. 28¼sec. J. Burns won the 75-yards run.

F. P. THOMPSON walked from the Battery to Jerome Park, this city, Sept. 11. It took him 2h. 58m. to do it. C. Mullyan did the ride, occupying 2h. 30m. 45s.

A. W. GERRY, a deaf mute, is said to have walked a mile in 6m. 52s. at the grounds of the Young Men's Christian Association, Boston, Mass., Sept. 6.

THE WESTCHESTER POLO CLUB received, we understand, about $500 in the shape of the gate-money from the games played at Buffalo, N. Y.

L. FORSDICK and C. M. Davenport are to contend in a ten-mile walk, for a gold medal, at the Manhattan A. C. Grounds, Sept. 28, at 4 P. M.

THE CHAMPION CHALLENGE has not been responded to by Chas. Porter or anyone else, and his $25 remains uncovered in this office.

THE TRIGGER.

PRIZE MEETING AT CREEDMOOR.
The sixth annual Fall prize meeting of the National Rifle Association takes place at Creedmoor, L. I., this week, and embraces the following competitions:
TUESDAY, Sept. 17.—9 A. M. to 12 M.—Judd and Short Range matches, the former at 200 yards. Afternoon—Cavalry Match, teams of six; State Cavalry Match, teams of seven; Champions, first stage, all at 200 yards; *Army and Navy Journal* Match, Gatling, and two subscription, all at 500 yards; and second stage of Cavalry Match, 3.00 yards, 1 to 5.30 P. M.
WEDNESDAY, Sept. 18.—9 A. M.—New York State National Guard Match, Delvery, Hilton and Remington; Lafin & Rand Match, all at 200yds. Afternoon, commencing at 1 P. M. Second stages of the above at 500yds., and four subscription and Oliver matches, at 200 and 300yds.
THURSDAY, Sept. 19.—Morning, 9 A. M.—Interstate Military, at 200 and 500yds.; International Military, at 200yds.; Short-range Team and Military Championship, at 500yds., and Subscription, at 500yds. Afternoon, 1 P. M.—International Military, at 500 and 600yds., and Short-range Team, second stage, at 300yds.
FRIDAY, Sept. 20.—Morning, 9 A. M.—Military Championship, at 500 and 600 yards; rifle subscription, 500; and Champions, at 600

AGAINST TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY BARRY CROTON.

Oh, do you know a maiden, a maiden fair to see,
Who gives the name of Sarah Rebecca Doubledee?
If ever you should meet her, a favor you'll confer
By saying that the writer is looking after her.

I met her at a picnic and we ate our lunch together,
And the biscuit that she gave me were lighter than a feather,
And the sandwiches admitted of the closest of inspection,
While the chicken it was tender, and the pickles were perfection!

And she was like her luncheon, as savory and as sweet,
As full of gentle graces as the eggs were full of meat:
Endowed with all the beauty which a fellow's fancy tickles,
She was tender as the chicken, and pungent as the pickles.

I opened several bottles of Piper Heidsick's best,
And beneath the shady maples we ate and drank with zest.
And then, in jolly spirits, she proposed that I should run
A race, and she would time me with my watch, and all for fun.

"Three hundred yards now, dearie," these were the words she said,
And, like the bold O'Leary, three hundred yards I sped.
But the time I made will never be recorded, as I hoped,
For, while I ran, Rebecca with my English lever sloped!

Now, should you meet this maiden (if such she chance to be),
Who gives the name of Sarah Rebecca Doubledee,
Please tell her that I never will forget our little spree
If she'll send my English lever, with her compliments, to me!

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the Autumn of 1857 Mr. Charles Mathews made his reappearance in America, and I went to see him. He played at the Broadway Theatre, then situated near the corner of Anthony street and Broadway, and under the management of E. A. Marshall, assisted by his brother Caleb Marshall, both of whom were living a few years ago, and, I presume, are living still. I had somehow formed a singular notion of Mr. Mathews as an actor. I fancied him to be fully as brilliant as Lester Wallack, with even a more dashing and animated style. I could not get the thought out of my head that he would appear in huge, shiny riding-boots, a cape-coat, and a conical hat surmounting a profusion of rich, black, glossy curls, with long, thick ringlets behind; that he would carry a loud riding-whip and snap it constantly; that he would give several yells and an inimitable if not positively unapproachable "whoop" before coming on the stage; that I should hear his voice at the entrance—his sonorous but exceedingly musical voice—shouting: "Ah! upstairs, is he? Very well, I'll find him;" that he would come before the footlights with a leap or a bound, and, after knocking down several servants, shake his gorgeous curls gracefully and gallantly, and plant himself squarely before the audience, as much as to say: "Here am I, the great Charles Mathews." I was so full of this fancy that I did not care to take a programme as I entered the theatre. I knew all the members of the stock company, I thought, and I supposed there would be no difficulty in determining the identity of Mr. Mathews. The play was a comedy called "Married for Money," and unfortunately I found the curtain up and myself very late as I took my seat. There were two actors on the stage—one of them Sam Eytinge (not D. Eytinge), now dead, and the other apparently a stranger. They were speaking what seemed to be some very ordinary dialogue, and I took but little notice of them at first, contenting myself with looking about the auditorium. Remembering that this was very bad manners, to say the least of it, I turned my gaze upon the stage in the hope that Charles Mathews would "hurry and come on." Of the two actors, Sam Eytinge was decidedly the more showy, and of the other I said: "They've got a new walking-gentleman here: I wonder who he is?" As the dialogue progressed I found myself listening very attentively to the new walking-gentleman, and then I said to myself: "A remarkably genteel young actor, but he'll be completely lost here." I began to move about uneasily in my chair, and to cast hurried glances about me for a programme. Every moment I wanted to know more and more who he was, and I resolved to ask some of the other actors about him after the performance was over. "I *must* know who he is, and remember him," I thought. "If I had a company of my own, I would certainly try my best to engage him, even if it ruined me. He's a really excellent actor, but he'll never be appreciated by the public. What a pity!" At the risk of receiving a severe frown from the usher, I went back to the lobby and procured a programme. I was as much in the dark as before. The names of all the actors in the cast were familiar to me, and with most of them I had a personal acquaintance. So I began to conclude that the "new walking-gentleman" was taking the place, at short notice, of someone who was sick. This was the first impression Charles Mathews made upon me, at the time a careless observer. Of course, as I saw a little more of the play and heard the characters called by name, the scenes and the programme enlightened me fully as to who the "new walking-gentleman" was, and it was one of the most agreeable disappointments I ever experienced. Subsequently I saw Mr. Mathews in other parts, where a display of more mechanical ability was required, and I often think his great popularity was due entirely to them.

I met with a similar disappointment in Fitz-James O'Brien, whom I expected to find a giant in size, as he sometimes seemed to be in intellect. Instead of a man six feet in height, with the massiveness of a Daniel O'Connell, enveloped in a stately cloak hung in picturesque folds, I saw a very commonplace-looking person, who asked me if I would have a "whiskey sour." I never wanted, however, to see O'Brien again, and I never did.

Quite in contrast to Mr. Mathews was his wife, the present Mrs. Charles Mathews. He was a decided blonde—she is a decided brunette. He seemed to always hold something in reserve—she seemed always to give cheerfully and freely all she could give to the audiences before whom she played. Her sterling, invited respect and love—her acting commanded attention.

During one of Mr. Boucicault's earlier tours in this country, if not his very first, his wife (Agnes Robertson) played a brief engagement at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia—the former one, corner of Sixth and Chestnut-sts., under the management of Quinlan—the famous Quinlan who, among other rich things, said he gave Sheppard the actor a good salary because he was such a good young man, and such a "burden" to his mother. That was not very many years ago, but Mr. Joe Jefferson and Mr. John S. Clarke were members of the stock company, and there nearly every night to see Mrs. Boucicault play, but there was one night in particular that was very memorable. The principal play on this occasion was "The Prima Donna," one of the best of pieces, and one that never should be shelved to make way for a mass of rubbish that is not attractive even in a financial point of view. Mrs. Mathews (Lizzie Weston then, I think) was the leading lady of the stock company, and, though considerable rivalry between her and the "star" had already existed, something unusual was expected on this evening. As the play progressed, it was evident to the most unsophisticated auditor that each actress was straining every nerve to speak, to gain a victory. Mrs. Mathews had possession of what most actresses would esteem as the best part, and had also the advantage of a more obtrusive brilliancy of appearance and execution. And it seemed that she not only expected to exert these advantages to the utmost, but to completely overwhelm her antagonist. It was uphill work on both sides. "Muscle against intelligence," one man in the audience said; but far from that, I should say, for Mrs. Mathews' acting in "The Prima Donna" forced me to concede that she was really a fine actress. I had hitherto regarded her as being more stagey than natural, more "pronounced" than pleasing, but on that eventful night she was not only grand, but womanly; and I have rarely seen any better acting than I saw then. The audience was exceedingly animated by the strife, and the merits of each actress were warmly discussed between the acts. There were no "claqueurs," no partisans, but every person in the theatre went there (I sincerely believe) without any prejudice—without any opinion that could not be easily overcome by what he saw. The general verdict was in favor of Mrs. Mathews; and it was difficult for me to avoid joining the majority, for she had made a profound impression upon me, and, as an American, I was naturally desirous of seeing her prosper. I saw her throw her whole soul into her acting, and throw aside all irksome conventionalities as well as she could. I saw her shed genuine tears—not sparsely, either, but in actual torrents, as I may say—and many of the audience wept with her. They were good-sized tears, too—tears that could be plainly seen without an opera-glass.

There was not much choice for me between the two competitors, but Mrs. Mathews' manner had a peculiarly exquisite charm that belonged to Mrs. Boucicault. Mrs. Mathews dazzled us like a richly stained glass window. Mrs. Boucicault shone on us like a diamond. The latter's acting might have been characterized as being wonderful in its simplicity. On that occasion she performed on the stage-business of the part in a manner that I venture to say has never been forgotten by anyone who saw it. Yet it consisted merely in her running her hand gently over the end of the lounge, and looking up at her lover as though to invite him to be seated at or by her side. Simple as this was, it was electric in its effect. It seemed to make the rudest man in the audience feel as though he had been struck somewhere, without knowing precisely how, and it elicited a half-suppressed sigh of ardent admiration. Both actresses seemed to be specially inspired for the occasion.

The Park Theatre—it would not be proper to finish without a reminiscence of that house. I mean the Park Theatre that was situated in Park row, with Thos. S. Hamblin for its manager—the same Hamblin who stood on the stage of his own theatre, one night, as a Roman statue, and completely deceived his audience.* The Old Park Theatre brings to me an incident that is aptly illustrative of some of the odd vicissitudes of New York life. One night I visited it to hear Madame Anna Bishop sing. It was her benefit night—one of her many "farewell benefits," I think. The theatre was more than crowded—it was jammed. The attraction was an exceedingly strong one. The first piece, I well remember, was "Naval Engagements," with John Gilbert as Admiral Kingston (one of his best personations) and Mrs. Gilbert as Mrs. Pontifex (one of her best personations also). Either Lester Wallack or Charles Walcot Sr. played Lieut. Kingston. Rose Telbin played Mary Mortimer. Madame Bishop sang between the acts of "Naval Engagements," and consequently only very good acting could have kept up the least interest in the piece. The acting was good—very good. The actors seemed to realize their position fully, and to play with unaccustomed vigor, so as not to be overshadowed completely. The other piece, I think, was "Turning the Tables," with W. B. Chapman (the New York Chapman, as he was called), J. M. Dawson, and other popular actors in the cast. The night will be remembered as one that witnessed an extraordinary furor in the Park Theatre. Mme. Bishop was in her "palmy days," so far as her relations with the public were concerned, and probably no singer ever received more sincere homage. So great, indeed, was the effect of her singing that, when the curtain arose for the second act of "Naval Engagements," half of the people in front had forgotten what the excellent play was about. The feelings of the spectators were almost visible in their faces. No sooner had the curtain fallen on the first act, amid general plaudits, than everyone seemed to say: "What a shame that so beautiful and interesting a comedy should be interrupted in this manner." But after Madame Bishop had come and gone, the auditors began to fumble with their programmes again, and seemed to say: "Ah! true! there is another act to that piece." She sang the "Marseillaise" three times, and an enthusiastic Frenchman, who sat near me in the pit, forced the audience to give her six cheers. Then he threw his hat, cane, diamond-ring and gloves on the stage, after having thrown all the bouquets he could carry. There was no humbug in the transaction, either.

In addition to all this, Mme. Bishop was always an especial favorite of mine on account of her loveliness as a woman; so that it may well be thought there was enough going on behind the footlights to keep a boy's attention constantly fixed towards the stage. But during more than half the evening my eyes were roaming to a private box that contained but one person, and that person only a man. Was it magnetism, mesmerism, psychology or anything of that kind? No; for the man evidently had none of those Satanic attractions. He was the only man I had ever seen who, according to my sense of the fitness of things, deserved to be called "beautiful." He was a man with light-brown, silken, curly hair, a mild, full, blue eye, and a remarkably clear complexion, as clear as any woman's. The greatest attraction he had for me was the extraordinary intelligence of his facial expression and his gently superb manner. He carried his head with an elevation that could not be called haughty, nor even dignified, but it was grand in its great respectability, and became him thoroughly. It was perfectly natural to him, but different from that I have ever seen in any other man. He seemed to be perfectly sure of himself, without contempt or disregard for those around him. He is as fresh in my mind, just as he sat in that private box, with a white kid-glove on his left hand, and the other glove lying on the cushioned rail or baluster, as though no lapse of years had intervened. I frequently saw him afterwards at other theatres, where he invariably occupied a private-box alone, with the same aristocratic elevation of head, the same kind but powerful expression of face, the white kid on the left hand and the other glove resting carelessly on the box-rail. I saw him also at concerts and at lectures. I christened him "The Prince," and I pointed him out to other boys, with whom he ever afterwards went by that name. And to us he was the beau-ideal of a prince—the true prince we had often read about in fiction and history.

At that time one of our most fashionable avenues contained two moderate-sized houses, remarkable for their elegance. They were twin houses with white marble fronts—the only ones of the kind in the street. Each had a delicate portico of iron framework shaped in rustic designs, around which tall vines with green leaves ran and clustered. Flower-beds and neatly laid-out grass-plots ornamented the door-yards. In the rear were gardens and carriage-houses. The first time I saw these dwellings was one Summer afternoon, and I paused a long time before them, being surprised and pleased. While I stood looking and admiring, who should come along but "The Prince," walking leisurely, and with the same distinguished air that constantly characterized him in the theatres. Both of his hands were encased in kid gloves this time, and a single diamond (the only ornament about him) sparkled from his shirt-bosom. He took a night-key from his pocket, and calmly entered one of the houses. That, then, was his house—there could be no doubt about it. How appropriate everything seemed to be! It was just the kind of a house I imagined a man such as he would naturally live in, just the sort of a house a prince ought to live in —that is, a modern prince, a civilized, intellectual prince. It was evident to me that he was very wealthy, for no one in those days could have lived in that street, and especially in such a house, without having plenty of money. I continued to meet him in various places of popular or fashionable resort. Sometimes I saw him on horseback, riding gracefully on a sorrel mare with white hoofs and a white spot on her forehead; and life for him seemed to have no cares, no troubles. Not long ago I had occasion to go to East Broadway on business, and I took the old, familiar route of Chatham street. A sudden shower compelled me to seek shelter in the entrance to a cheap lodging-house, one of the many with which the street is "enlivened." The rain was determined to last for a considerable time, and so I slowly walked to the back part of the barroom and seated myself at a table, upon which some old and well-worn weekly newspapers were scattered. A crowd of idle good-for-nothings were seated at another table playing dominoes, which made the place more gloomy; for to me there is no more stupid game than dominoes. I dislike to hear even the shuffling of the pieces. As I sat there filling up the time and trying to get a morsel of comfort from the torn and dirty papers, a man came downstairs from the lodging part of the house and seated himself at the same table with me. I looked up several times—at first carelessly, and then earnestly; and there, almost face to face with me—what did I see? I rubbed my eyes to ascertain whether I was dreaming or not. But I was wide awake, and there was no phantasy. It was "The Prince" —"The Prince," indeed—no one else. His face was haggard, but not altogether with age. It was one of those faces that seldom or never grow old until death comes, unless trouble sets in. *His* bore abundant tokens of grief, with some symptoms of despair and a slight recklessness. The head had lost its old, proud elevation, but did not quite droop, and through the meshes of his too apparent poverty an observer could see the unmistakable and ineffacable traces of his birth and breeding. How came he there? Not by drink, not by gambling, not by roguery. No! I am sure not. Destiny? Yes! let us say destiny.

I worked around the barkeeper until he became softened and communicative, when I put some direct questions to him concerning "The Prince."

"Well, sir," said the barkeeper, "all I know about him is that he's been here several weeks, off and on. He doesn't have his bed by the week, but pays for it by the night, and never speaks to anyone. I shouldn't wonder if he had seen better days."

"And his name?" I asked.

"It's there on the book. I don't suppose it's the right one. Folks don't always give their right names when they come to lodge, though I don't see why. Our beds are clean, and it's no disgrace to be here."

"Disgrace! bless your heart, no!" I replied. "I would sleep on a woodpile if I wanted to, and kick the man that tried to pull me off."

But I have never wanted to.

VICTOR PARETON.

* Apropos of Hamblin's freak as a Roman statue, I heard the story, I think, from Charles Burke one night at the North American Hotel, now the New England House. The play was "Fradne," and the theatre, though some mishap, was short of a very requisite statue for the piece. Hamblin put on a Roman dress, powdered his face, and stood as a statue throughout the play, without being known to the audience as a human being. Mrs. Hamblin, then Mrs. Shaw, was the Evadne.

ROSE EYTINGE,

whose portrait appears on our first page, and who wrote a caustic letter (published in our past issue) in defense of her profession in consequence of the Citizens' Committee of Philadelphia, Pa., having refused to accept a proposition from George K. Goodwin, manager of the Walnut-street Theatre, for a benefit in aid of the yellow-fever fund, and for which she had volunteered her services, is a native of that city. She first played in public as an amateur in Brooklyn, L. I., and her first appearance as a professional was made with G. A. Hough's Dramatic Company, traveling in the West, with which she continued a season. She then went to the Green-street Theatre, Albany, N. Y., under the management of David Barnes and the late C. T. Smith, where she remained several years, during which time she was married to Mr. Barnes, who was the proprietor and editor of a local newspaper, as well as a theatrical manager. When Mr. Barnes removed to this city, some years later, Rose Eytinge became prominently identified with the local stage. She will possibly be best remembered as having been a prominent member of the Wallack-Davenport Combination, with which she made several tours of the country; as the leading lady of Wallack's Theatre; and, after an absence of a few years passed in Alexandria, Egypt, with her second husband, George H. Butler (from whom she has since been divorced), United States Consul to that country, and making her reappearance on the local boards as leading lady of the Union-square Theatre, where she remained several seasons, creating several important characters. Since leaving that theatre she has starred successfully, and, during the past Summer, in the character of Nancy Sikes, she won the good opinion of the critics and public of the English metropolis.

The slight cast upon the profession by the recent action of the committee referred to has been atoned by the public apology of its leader. And this recalls to mind an incident in the career of the celebrated Mrs. Jordan. A widow, with three small children, had been thrown into prison by some merciless creditor for a debt of £8. It was when Mrs. Jordan was in Chester, Eng., and, hearing of the case, she at once sent the money, and obtained the release of the four helpless creatures. They came out of jail early in the morning, and on the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Jordan, on her way to the theatre, stood up in a doorway to shelter herself from rain. The widow had been in search of her, and there she found her. The poor creature, forgetful of everything but gratitude, fell at once upon her knees, and, with tears and sobs, poured forth her thanks, while the children, affected by the emotion of their parent, began to cry too. Mrs. Jordan, deeply affected, raised the woman, and tried to soothe the little ones by kissing and kindly words, and then, in a playful way peculiar to her, said: "Oh, pray, my dear good woman, do go away," at the same time slipping into her hand a one-pound note.

A Methodist preacher, who had also taken shelter close by, and gleaned the whole of this affecting story from the widow's incoherent words, then stepped up to Mrs. Jordan.

"Lady," said he, "pardon the freedom of a stranger, but would to the Lord the world were all like thee," at the same time stretching out his hand to meet her own, which she at once withdrew.

"I won't shake hands with you," she said, "because I know you are a Methodist preacher; and when you learn who I am, you'll send me to the Devil."

"The Lord forbid!" exclaimed the dismayed and astonished preacher, and after uttering a few more earnest words he again proffered his hand.

This time she took it, saying, with a smile:

"Well, you are a good soul, I dare say; but I don't like fanatics, and you'll not like me when I tell you who I am."

"I hope I shall, madam."

"Well, then, I'm a player, and my name is Mrs. Jordan."

The preacher regarded her anxiously, and paused before, with a sudden outburst of even deeper feeling, he stretched forth his hand, saying emphatically:

"The Lord bless thee, whoever thou art!"

In that way the player converted the preacher to that true doctrine of brotherly love and friendship which most people associate, theoretically, at least, with Christianity. The pain abated, and the Methodist parson walked away with the arm of the playful little actress tucked snugly under his own, to the great scandal of all the pious folks in that picturesque Old-world city. When they parted at the theatre-door he shook her hand warmly, saying:

"Fare thee well, sister. I know not what the principles of the people of thy calling may be; thou art the first I ever conversed with; but if their benevolent practices equal thine, I hope and trust at the great day the almighty will say to each: 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.'"

BILL BLUFF THE BALLIST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He always had longed for baseball glory,
This country chap, now in his grave;
And, friends, when I've told this sad, true story,
I hope that like aspirants it will save.

'Twas a country club just organizing,
With a "city" pitcher before the bat;
And the balls he deliver'd were quite surprising—
The catcher received them in his hat!

Bill Bluff, in his time, was termed a catcher,
For the easy pitch of days gone by;
Now a foul-tip "ris" and he tried to fetch her,
And nobly took it upon the eye.

He open'd his mouth, gave two wild screeches,
Then dead as a door-nail down he fell;
They doused him with water, applied some leeches—
He revived. Did he like it? Tolerably well.

He braced again, while his eyes were gleaming,
Two strikes, and backward a foul-tip goes;
It reached his mouth, where the blood was streaming—
He dropped his teeth, a couple of rows!

This did an important question settle:
That he should no longer play behind;
But he still possess'd his baseball mettle—
He'd change, "if the pitcher would be so kind."

He figured that pitching was "far more finer,"
So he braced his self with ball in hand,
Le' fly, and received a red-hot liner
Just above the spot where his victuals land!

Of fame and his wind this did deprive him,
For an hour or two he spake no word—
They tried, and partially did revive him—
What he faintly spoke his comrades heard:

"Go tell her I'm laid on the field of battle,
That her beautiful baseball lines I read,
And tell her ——" Just then they heard a rattle;
They raised him up—poor Bill was dead.

M. J. ADAMS.

DICE-THROWING:
THE COMBINATIONS AND PROBABILITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Among persons addicted to gambling, no other thing exercises their brain so much as that of percentage. This is notably the case in such games of chance as roulette, rouge-et-noir and hazard, where the guessing of a certain card or number pays a good percentage on the amount invested. Many and various are the systems that have been studied out to beat these games; but of the hundreds that have been used or promulgated history gives no account of any one that has accomplished the desired effect.

During the palmy days of Baden-Baden and Hamburg, nearly all the steady patrons of the gaming-establishments in those cities had their various methods of playing, the system being marked in their hats, on cards, linen cuffs, and sometimes on the finger-nails. Some years ago a gentleman of this city, while on the Continent, paid a visit to the places spoken of, and then conceived the idea that he could work out a system that would beat the roulette wheel. So thoroughly did he become imbued with the idea that, upon his return home, he devoted his entire evenings to the task of working out a system of play that, though not admitting of large winnings, would, by strictly adhering to the method and playing so many hours daily, result beyond peradventure in netting in every week a pretty round sum. After perfecting it, he submitted it to a few personal friends, and by the aid of a miniature wheel and paper demonstrated, at least to their satisfaction, the feasibility of his plan. Occupying an important position in a large insurance company, and being regarded as one of the best accountants and mathematicians extant, he was not long in raising a capital stock of $5,000, with which he repaired to Hamburg to commence operations. Whether the machinery of his wheel was different from those on the other side, whether his manipulation was imperfect, or whether his system wrong, is a question; but there is no disputing the fact of his writing home for more funds to defray his expenses back, a short time after his arrival in Europe.

This article is designed to treat of dice-games, the probabilities and the percentage for or against throwing a certain number with one die or more.

There are two principal kinds of combinations. The first is that where the different arrangements of several things are sought without any regard to their change of place. The second is that where regard is paid to the different changes of place. For example, the three letters A, B, C, taken two and two, without regard to the different changes of place, are susceptible of only three combinations—AB, AC, BC; but, if regard is paid to the changes of place, they are susceptible of six combinations; for, besides the three former, there will be BA, CA, CB. In combinations properly so called, no attention is paid to the order of things. If four tickets, for example, marked A, B, C, D, were put into a hat, and anyone should bet to draw out A and D, either by taking two at once or one after the other, it would be of no importance whether A should be drawn first or last. The combinations AD and DA ought, therefore, to be considered only as one. But if anyone should bet to draw out A the first time and D the second, the case would be different, and it would then be necessary to attend to the order in which those four letters may be taken and arranged together two by two. It may readily be seen that the different ways are AB, BA, AC, CA, AD, DA, BC, CB, BD, DB, CD, DC. This is what is called permutation, or change of order.

If it is desired to ascertain how many ways a certain number of things can be arranged, simply multiply together as many terms of the natural arithmetical progression as there are things proposed. To show to what an incredible extent the permutations of the 24 letters of the alphabet are susceptible the following will illustrate: Let it be required to ascertain what space would contain them. Supposing each letter to occupy a square line, a square inch would contain 144 letters. Then multiply 144 by itself, and the product, 20,736, will be the number of letters contained in a square foot; and if that number be multiplied by 9, the product, 186,624, will be the number of letters contained in a square yard. Now, as a mile is equal to 1,760 yards, a square mile will contain 3,097,600 square yards; and if we multiply this number by 9, or the square miles in a league, we shall have 27,878,400 for the number of square yards in a square league; and this number multiplied by 186,624, will give 3,202,778,521,600 for the number of letters which could be contained in a square league. If this last product be multiplied by 21,951,022, or the square leagues on the surface of the earth (allowing the diameter of it to be 7,930 miles), we shall have 114,206,305,788,769,075,200 for the number of letters that could be contained on the earth's surface. If the method already given be employed to find the number of permutations of the 24 letters by successively multiplying all the terms of the arithmetical progression from 1 to 24, we shall have for the number of these permutations 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000, which is above five thousand times greater than the number of letters that could be contained on the surface of the earth; and, as each permutation consists of 24 letters, it follows that to contain them a space 120,000 times greater would be necessary. In attempting to form an idea of this immense surface the imagination is, as it were, lost, and it would hardly be believed that such an extent would be required, were it not fully demonstrated by calculation.

Of the many dice-games, such as raffles, poker, road-to-Boston, etc., those of sweat, backgammon and hazard will better illustrate the combinations that are susceptible of. In the ordinary sweat layout of six numbers, where a single die is used, the probability of throwing any one of the numbers is 5 to 1 against the party throwing. For instance, it is proposed to throw a determinate point—for example, 6—with one die. As the die has six sides or faces, only one of which is marked six, and as any one of those may come up as readily as another, it is evident that there are five chances against the person who undertakes to throw 6 at one throw, and only one in his favor. To play an equal game, he ought, therefore, to bet no more than 1 to 5.

In backgammon, where two dice are used, the latter admit of 36 combinations. As in the case of sweat, let it be proposed to throw the same point, 6, with two dice. Let A and B represent the dice, and we will examine how many ways the point 6 can be thrown. First, it will be found that it can be thrown by 3 and 3; secondly, by throwing 2 with the die A and 4 with the die B, or 4 with A and 2 with B, which form two distinct cases; thirdly, by throwing 1 with A and 5 with B, or 1 with B and 5 with A, which likewise forms two cases. These are all the ways that can be found; consequently there are five cases favorable in the 36, and therefore the probability of throwing 6 with two dice is 5-36, and that of not throwing it 31-36. By analyzing the other cases, it will be found that of throwing 2 with two dice there is one chance in 36, of throwing 3 there are two, of throwing 4 there are three, of throwing 5 there are four, of throwing 6 there are five, of throwing 7 there are six, of throwing 8 there are five, of throwing 9 there are four, of throwing 10 there are three, of throwing 11 there are two, of throwing 12, or sixes, there is one.

In the English and German hazard games three dice are used, and large percentages are given, but not approximate to the amount that should be paid were the banker and player to have an even chance. As the game is played in this country, if a person bets upon throwing 4 or 17 and wins, he is paid 60 for 1, when in equity it should be 72 for 1. If he bets on 5 or 16, he is paid 30 for 1, instead of 36 for 1; if he bets on 6 or 15, he is paid 6 for 1, instead of 8 for 1. For the throwing of three similar faces, such as three aces, three deuces and so on, he is paid 180 for 1, instead of 216 for 1. With three dice the least number that can be thrown is 3, and the greatest 18, and it will be found by a similar analysis that in 216 different throws possible he bets on 1 or 1 chance of throwing 3, three of throwing 4, six of throwing 5, and so on, as may be seen in the annexed table, the use of which is, viz., if it be required, for example, to ascertain in how many different ways 13 can be thrown with three dice, look in the left hand column on the left for the number 13, and at the top for that indicating the number of the dice, and in the common square of both opposite to 13 will be found 21, or the number of ways in which 13 can be thrown with 3 dice. It will be found in like manner that with 4 dice it may be thrown 140 ways, and with 5 dice 420 ways.

THE DIFFERENT WAYS IN WHICH ANY POINT CAN BE THROWN WITH FROM ONE TO FIVE DICE.

No. of points.	Number of Dice I.	II.	III.	IV	V	No. of points.	Number of Dice. I.	II	III.	IV	V
1	1	—	—	—	—	14	—	—	15	146	540
2	1	1	—	—	—	15	—	—	10	140	651
3	1	2	1	—	—	16	—	—	6	125	735
4	1	3	3	1	—	17	—	—	3	104	780
5	1	4	6	4	1	18	—	—	1	80	780
6	—	5	10	10	5	19	—	—	—	56	735
7	—	6	15	20	15	20	—	—	—	35	651
8	—	5	21	35	35	21	—	—	—	20	540
9	—	4	25	56	70	22	—	—	—	10	420
10	—	3	27	80	126	23	—	—	—	4	300
11	—	2	27	104	205	24	—	—	—	1	205
12	—	1	25	125	305	25	—	—	—	—	126
13	—	—	21	140	420						

When once it is known how many ways any point can be thrown with a certain number of dice, it will be easy to determine the probability of throwing it. Nothing will be necessary but to form a fraction having for its numerators the number of ways in which the point can be thrown, and for its denominator the number 6 raised to that power denoted by the number of dice. For example, the square of 6 (or 36) for two dice, the cube (or 216) for three dice, the biquadrate (or 1,296) for four and so on. Thus, the probability of throwing 13 with three dice is 21-216, and that of throwing it with four is 140-1,296.

Recently, at a country fair, a party had six dice, each of which was marked only on one face—the first with 1, the second with 2, and so on to the sixth, which was marked 6. His proposition to the crowd was to pay 100 for 1 if, in throwing the six dice twenty times, the six marked faces should come up once. The proposal does not look at all disadvantageous, but upon investigation it will be found that the party taking the odds had hardly a ghost of a show to win. Upon calculating, we find that of the 46,656 combinations of the faces of six dice, there is only one which gives the six marked faces uppermost. The probability of throwing them at one throw is expressed by 1-46,656; and as the party throwing was allowed twenty throws, the probability of his succeeding was only 20-46,656, which is nearly equal to 1-2,332. To play an equal game, therefore, the banker should have paid 2,332 for 1.

One of the persons who had lost considerable money questioned the possibility of ever winning, when the banker made the proposal to pay him dollar for dollar if in three throws he would bring all blank faces uppermost. Those unacquainted with the method to be pursued in order to resolve such problems are liable to reason in an erroneous manner respecting dice of this kind; for, observing that there are five times as many blanks as marked faces, they thence conclude that it is 5 to 1 that the person who throws them will not bring any point. They are, however, mistaken, as the probability, on the contrary, is 2 to 1 that they will not come up all blank. If we take only one die, it is 5 to 1 that the party who holds it will throw a blank; but if a second die is added, it will be readily seen that the marked face of the first may combine with each of the blank faces of the second, and the marked face of the second with each of the blank faces of the first, and in the last place the marked face of the one with the marked face of the other; consequently, of the 36 combinations of the faces of these two dice, there are 11 in which there is at least one marked face. If a third dice be added, we shall find that of the 216 combinations of three dice there are 91 in which there is at least one marked face. Where six dice are used, of the 46,656 combinations there will be 31,031 in which there is at least one marked face, and 15,625 in which all the faces are blank. Consequently, it is 2 to 1 that some point at least will be thrown.

HOW HE GOT HIS WORK IN.

BY RICHMOND THATCHER.

He came into our office the other day just at the time when we had a little leisure, and the odds are not four to one, as racing men say, that he was not fully aware we would be all ears to hear just then to listen to him. He was a man about whose appearance there was nothing particularly remarkable. His dress was neither good nor bad, and, although his coat might have been black, instead of "quarter-acre section" material, and have had fewer and less capacious pockets, loudness was not its chief characteristic. He had on just enough jewelry to let one see that he could afford to wear it, and his whole appearance showed that, like Mr. Weller, he was not obliged to do without mutton if he could not get the capersauce. His face, and particularly his eyes, bespoke travel, and led us to think that he had not gone through the world with those "windows of the soul" shut, though there was nothing about him that could have been objected to as knowingness. He made a slight bow, and while doing so took in our whole office at a glance—our files, our desk, and "copy" littering it; our Thesaurus, Men of the Time, Webster Unabridged, Chambers' Encyclopædia; our scissors and paste, our pigeon-holes, our clippings pasted on the wall, and finally ourselves; and we noticed that the eye was not quite satisfied with one bar's rest on the latter item, but came back with a lustful, hungry look, as if it would have pierced our broadcloth and seen our heart of hearts.

But we were inscrutable, the more so because we felt sure that the young man (he might have been only thirty, he was certainly not forty; he was in that transition state between youth and middle age in which traveled men and men who sit up o' nights remain for years) wanted to know all about us. Seeing that our heart was not upon our sleeve, he, figuratively, threw down his hand by plunging *in medias res* at a bound. Laying a card on our desk, he gave us at the same time the information it bore, with some embellishments. He said:

"You're the editor of this paper, sir? Well, I am Mr. Theodore Jackson, agent for Signor Prestissimo, the great thermataugist and prestidigitateur, whose fame must have reached your parts ere this. Signor Prestissimo is one of the greatest celebrities of the day, the magician of his age, and I may say of all time; a great phenomenal *rara avis* amongst the class of thinking and clever men we have devoted their energies and talents to this line of business—the enlightenment and amusement of the world. The signor is accompanied by Mademoiselle Pirouette, the spirituelle danseuse—the Cerito of the day—from all the principal London theatres; Professor Asbestos, the only living human salamander and sword-swallower; and Flexible Billy, the unrivaled high-kicker and saltatorial comique, whose performances have lately astounded Europe."

I said I should be happy to give his principal and company the usual preliminary announcement, and would send a reporter to notice the performance. This was evidently his cue, for he said:

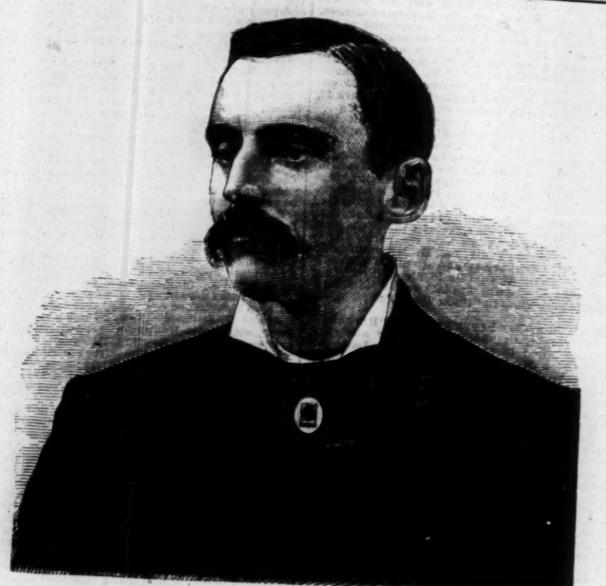
"The very thing he wished to guard against was confounding Signor Prestissimo with the usual run of men who had visited Blanktown before. The signor had a world-wide reputation. He had played before royalty everywhere, and had been specially sent for to Windsor Castle to perform before Her Gracious Majesty—who was so universally beloved—and who had given the signor a memento of the interview in the shape of a handsome watch, which would be exhibited on his arrival. Signor Prestissimo had been subsidized with enormous sums to go to the Continents and to America, where he created a furor. As for the company, the highest eulogium he could pass upon them was to say that they were worthy to support so great an artist."

I said that I could make no exception, and must confine myself to briefly noticing the Signor's intention to appear in the local hall.

Scarcely heeding this, he pulled from one of his pockets a set of biographies, portraits and opinions of the press on a broad sheet, and laid them on my desk, and went on to say that, knowing how valuable the time of such journalists as shed lustre upon Blanktown must be, he had himself condensed a brief biography of his principal, who, socially as well as professionally, had had a remarkable career. This would, if inserted, be assured me, be pleasant light reading to the constituents. He flattered himself that he was capable of presenting the information in a readable shape, because, as his card would inform me, he was no novice at press-work, having edited papers in several places, including Charleston, Albany, State of New York, Hong Kong, Port Natal, Kamtschatka, Montreal, and the Caribees.

With this he produced a manuscript and laid it on the table, and I weighted it down, saying that I would look over it, but was sure that it was only suited for the advertising columns of the paper. Then he offered, if it was too long, to cut it down to "three sticks," and this I declined too, when, seeing me obdurate, he dropped the agent, and, taking a chair, assumed an air of perfect equality and talked of other matters. He was not disappointed at his want of success; he was not disconcerted or disheartened. He seemed as if he had given up all hope of getting his cheap eulogy, and rather admired us for being proof against his blandishments. He said he had for some time taken an interest in the politics of the country (I had written his name in the subscription list of a ship from a foreign country some three days before), and he was satisfied that a crisis was impending. It was not in the bounds of possibility that the Ministry could hold office long in the face of such crushing evidence of their incapacity and total want of self-respect and regard for the welfare of the country (the sentiments of our leading article of that morning). He had read our article, and, while totally agreeing with the writer—who was evidently a man of culture and learning—he thought he could from another point of view throw a new light upon the rapacity and statesman-like conduct of the usurpers of office who disgraced the Treasury benches. I thanked him, but declined the offer, as our editorials were invariably written by our own staff. He congratulated me upon this, and said it was the proper course for an independent and influential paper to pursue; but he would be interested in hearing about during the day, and would, if I liked, scratch out a few "locals." Only that very morning he had seen a little incident that could be well worked up into a good "par." A big brindle bulldog with blood-red eyes and an undershot jaw had tackled a little terrier, and had chawed him, and thrown him, and shaken him; but the little fellow had got him by the hind-leg, and had held on till bully roared for mercy.

I said that our readers did not care much for descriptions of dog-fights, and he agreed that that betokened respectability, though a light, chatty bit of word-painting of the kind, with a little divergence to praise pluck, and a cut at the police for being out of the way when wanted, and a hint that the inspector, if unpopular, did not know his duty, might have been readable, and could have tended to dig me and mine freely from contemplation of the dull, prosaic realities of life, which were, as a whole, too sombre. I said nothing, and he did not pause long; for, catching sight of a work of religious inquiry on the table, he remarked that the tendency of the age, unfortunately, was towards scepticism. The rapid strides the world was taking were conducive to a spirit of materialism, and it behooves ministers of the gospel to keep pace with the times, and, by studying and availing themselves of the continual discoveries in all branches of the exact sciences, to be ready to confound the unbeliever and make him shrink abashed from his position. He had proclaimed any special sympathy with religion or its ministers, and he agreed that science was getting after the Bible pretty roughly. No one in an enlightened age would believe in the Noahic Deluge, and that the beasts went into the ark two and two at a time, "like a ladies' boarding-school, or that Aaron's rod was turned into a snake," and the crew; and as for the cosmogony of Moses, the geologists disproved it altogether. I frowned, and he said that he himself had simple faith strong enough to keep him from accepting Holy Writ except as allegorical, and not to be taken exactly as it was recorded. Making no headway on this tack, he turned to other topics, and said he had read the letters in *The Standard* and *The Guardian* respecting the position for the new courthouse and lock-up. Of course, he knew I was "Quiz," and "A Lover of Justice



GEORGE GUYON, PEDESTRIAN.

The pedestrian whose portrait appears above was born at St. Cecile, Milton, County Shefford, Canada, Sept. 21, 1853, of French parents, stands 5ft. 6¾in. in height, and in his birth until he had attained the age of fifteen years, when he went to Montreal, where he was employed as clerk in a drygoods store. From there he proceeded to Chicago, Ill., where he obtained employment on a railroad, subsequently going to Louisiana, and being there employed in the same business. After an absence of one year he returned to Chicago, his former home, and was engaged for some time as brakeman on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. While in the employ of this road he accomplished the feat of walking from Milwaukee, Wis., to Chicago, on the track, starting May 9, o'clock P. M., May 1, 1876, and arriving at his destination at 9.35 P. M. May 2, having covered two hours and completed the eighty-five miles in 21 hours and 35 minutes, anyone who knows from experience the laboriousness of walking on uneven, separated railroad ties will appreciate the difficulty attached to such a feat, and cannot but regard it as a creditable performance. After partaking of supper Guyon started for Milwaukee the same night, doing duty as brakeman on the 10.30 train. About two weeks afterwards he became a participant in the 6 days' tournament at the Exposition Building, Chicago, defeating eleven others and becoming entitled to the first prize. The affair closed May 20, with Guyon far ahead of the other four who had kept on the track; and, had he not been ill, he could easily have done considerably better than he did, the total distance walked being 412 miles. After Spring by Charles E. Davies, proprietor of a popular restaurant at 225 West Madison street, Chicago, and former-ly backer of John Ennis, who caused a track to be built in the Exposition Building, where Guyon, under the care of an experienced trainer, rapidly improved in speed; and, a seventy-five mile trial proved him there proving satisfactory. his backer telegraphed Guyon's entry to the manager of the thirty-six-hours tournament at the American Institute Building, this city. The walk took place May 10, 11, and was won by C. A. Harriman, Guyon accompanying the distance of 152 miles in 35h. 47m. 35s., including $100. The winner was challenged by Guyon to walk for the thirty-six hours championship belt and $250, and should take place in Chicago Aug. 19. Harriman, however, failed to meet his second deposit, although extra time was allowed him to make it good, and Guyon accordingly became entitled to forfeit of the belt and $100, instead of fifty dollars. He was likewise a participant in the forty-eight-hours tournament at the same place, June 6, 7, 8, where he won the belt and first cash prize, $300, having walked 187¼ miles in 46h. 31s., defeating Wm. S. O'Brien, who walked 182¾ miles in the same time. His next appearance was in a six-days contest with John Ennis (who had been a contestant in the two above-mentioned New York tournaments), for $400 a side, the match resulting from a challenge issued some time previously by Ennis. The walk took place July 15 to 20 at the Buffalo Rink, on Pearl street, and Guyon, who suffered from a sprained instep, which troubled him from the tenth mile, was defeated, though walking a game race. July 29 he entered into an agreement to walk for twenty-four hours against Peter Mclnerney, for an advertised stake of $250 a side. They walked at Utica, N. Y., Aug. 2, 3, Guyon winning by more than thirty miles, he the distance walked by him being announced as 106 1-3 miles. He also walked a fifty mile championship at Trenton, N. J., July 5, 1879, and Young, for a purse offered by citizens of Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 12; Smith was seized with illness, and had to retire at the forty-first mile, Guyon, then well ahead, not being required to continue. Returning to Chicago, he failed to effect a match with Henry Schmehl to walk 75 hours, but failed. His backer has signified his intention to enter Guyon in the O'Leary-Hughes race, should t ever take place.

AQUATIC.

SCULLING IN AUSTRALIA.—C. A. Messenger and J. M. Christie rowed for the second time on the Lower Yarra for the championship of Victoria, Australia, and £100, July 6. Both men are pronounced to have been in the best possible condition, better than on the occasion when they met on June 1 of the present year, and the affair caused a great deal of interest in Victoria. The previous race was won easily by four lengths by Messenger, who is a son of the veteran ex-champion and boatbuilder of Teddington, Eng., and he was in consequence made a great favorite, and before they had gone 200 yards 10 to 1 was offered freely on him. Christie rowed a little better than with his adversary, who made a waiting race of it until near home, when he dashed away and won with the greatest ease. His supporters were so delighted that they subscribed £35 on his behalf as a token of their esteem.

MISS KATE BENNETT'S pupils publicly exhibited their natatorial proficiency at the baths in Central Park Garden, this city, Sept. 10. The performance of a number of tiny girls not yet six years old elicited expressions of wonder and praise, and attested the ability possessed by Miss Bennett as an instructor in this useful and healthful, giving art. The most accomplished of these little experts, Cherry Froelich, was rewarded with a gold medal. Interesting exhibitions were also given by the fair swimming-mistress and some of the young lady pupils, difficult feats being gracefully and easily performed, while the amount of endurance shown by several of them was surprising.

CRESCENT BOAT CLUB.—The first annual regatta of this club was held at Newark, N. J., Sept. 9, the races, all of which were one mile and a half, resulting as follows: Single-sculls—First heat: H. Miller, 1; R. A. Learned, 2. Time, 16m. 20s. Second heat: D. Demarest, 1; E. C. Nichols, 2. Time, 16m. Final heat: Miller, 1; Demarest, 2. Double-sculls—First heat: H. Miller and A. Learned, 1; J. Butterfield and E. Nichols, 2. Time, 10m. 55s. Second heat: Meckridge and Clarence, 1; D. Demarest and W. Breath, 2. Final heat: Miller and Learned, 1. Referee, T. D. Palmer.

A TEN-MILE RACE, for the Harlem challenge cup, was sailed by the yachts Hogan, Emma W. and Brothers on Friday afternoon, Sept. 13. There would have been three more starters had it not been for the strong wind which prevailed, and which, for precaution to starting, caused the capsizing of the Brothers. Those crew did not succeed in bailing her out for some time after the race had commenced. The Hogan turned the upper stakeboat first and looked all over a winner, when she was upset just below the point of Ward's Island, thus leaving the Emma D. to finish first.

A REGATTA IN WHITEHALL BOATS is to take place at Elizabeth, N. J., Sept. 21. Programme: First, double-sculls, open to all; second, junior amateur single-sculls, for those who have never before competed in a prize race; senior amateur double-sculls, open to winners and seconds in former races; fourth, ladies' double-sculls; fifth, single-sculls, open to all; sixth, junior amateur double-sculls; seventh, senior amateur single-sculls. The final event will be a tub race.

A YACHT CLUB was organized at Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 9, with the following board of officers: Commodore, J. S. Provoost; captain, John Bowen; secretary and treasurer, H. N. Vedder; measurer, E. W. Laig. A regatta will be held Sept. 17.

THOS. N. DOYLE and John McHugh defeated J. P. Henkerson and Jos. Vincent, in a double-scull race, mile and a half straightaway, at New-ark, N. J., Sept. 10. Time, 9m. 42s.

THE OSWEGO (N. Y.) YACHT CLUB sailed a regatta, for money prizes, Sept. 10, the Ella, Surprise and Fashion winning in the first class, and the Comet, Mystery and Adelaide in the second.

THE TURF.

THE KENTUCKY RACES.

With a hard and dusty but tolerably fast track, weather close and hot, and a pretty good attendance, the Fall meeting of the Kentucky Racing Association commenced at Lexington Sept. 9. The initial event was the Viley Stakes, $50 forfeit, $600 added, for three-year-olds, one mile and three-quarters, which had seven starters and was won by Owens' Leveler, who took the lead on the lower turn and, coming right away, won easily by three lengths from Fortuna, who was two lengths before Solicitor; Pomeroy fourth, Day Star (the favorite) fifth, Blue Eyes sixth, Mexico seventh. Time, 3:07¼.....The Filly Stakes, $50 each, $250 added, for two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile, was next, with eight starters. Lillie R. joined issue with Peru and Clarissima (the favorite) at the lower turn, got in front as they came into the homestretch, and finished a length and a half before Florence B., who was a length in front of Peru, Clarissima, Alice Bruce, Miss Harkaway, the Walsh filly and Juanita following in the order given. Time, 1:18.....Horses of all ages contended in the next race, one mile. Eight ran. Swigert's Milan, who was the most fancied, gradually worked along from third place at the start to second just before reaching the half-mile pole, got in front on the homestretch, and won by a length and a half; Springbranch second, a half length before Fairy Queen, Abhol, Enlight, Poetess, Wildfellow and Dolly Combs following. Time, 1:44¾.

The racing was continued Sept. 10. Only two races were run, the first being a sweepstakes, $250 each, $350 added, for three-year-olds who had never won a race at the time the stake closed. Seven started, and the winner turned up in a fielder, Bowen & Co.'s Beechwood, who took the first heat by a length and the third by two, being third in the second heat. Nellie Booker (favorite) won the second heat by two lengths, and was second in both of the others. The others were either distanced or ruled out. Time, 1:45, 1:47¾, 1:51¾, 1:51¾.....This was succeeded by a sweepstakes, $50 each, $250 added, for two-year-olds, three-fourths of a mile. There were seven runners of whom Bufor l's Good-night was picked out as the winner by the speculators; but he could only get third place, first being taken by Grinstead's Bashi-Bazouk, who finished a length ahead of Stilton, a half length behind whom came the favorite, Trinidad, Montreal, Cronin and Shaker following. Time, 1:18¼.

Sept. 11 was far from being a brilliant racing day, a heavy fall of rain the night before having made the going very bad, and a continuance of the same, though in milder form, keeping all but a few enthusiasts from the grounds. The first race was for all ages, mile heats, and had three starters. It was won by Nutter's Dave Moore, who took the second and third heats, Tampico securing the first. Macedonian was distanced in the second heat. Time, 1:52½, 1:53¾, 1:55¼.....A mile-and-a half dash, for all ages, $25 each, $350 added, six starters, followed. J. W. H. Reynolds' Caligula won by two lengths; Wayfarer (favorite) second, Beatty & Co.'s gelding third. Time, 2:58¾.....The racing for the day closed with a dash of three-quarters of a mile, all ages, $125. The favorite was Milan, and he had no trouble in landing the event by three lengths from Enlight, who led Alley two lengths. Ten others started. Time, 1:21¼.

The weather could scarcely have been worse than it was on the 12th, the rain having continued, and by the aid of a chilly wind from the northeast making everybody the opposite of comfortable, while the track was in the worst possible condition. The first race was a dash of a mile and an eighth, for all ages, $200, for which a half dozen started, the winner turning up in Megibben's Minnock, who was six lengths ahead of Hearsay at the finish, although Milan had given him a hot race for three-quarters of the distance. Milan was third, Fair Count, Florence Anderson and Ada S. following in this order. Time, 2:09¾.....The second race was for all ages also, one mile and a half, and had only two starters, of whom the non favorite, Ed. Turner, won easily by two lengths. Time, 2:59¾. The third and final race of the day was for a purse of $300, all ages, two miles, and had four starters, of whom King Pharoah was the favorite, selling for $100 to Mahlstick's $80. It was one of the easiest things imaginable for King Pharoah; for, after taking things very easily the first three-quarters of a mile, his rider called upon him, and, cutting down his horses without the least trouble, he won by a score of lengths; Mahlstick second, Poteen third, and Allan Pinkerton fourth. Time, 4:04.

The track was deep in mud and swimming with water on the 13th; but the weather was clear and beautiful, and in consequence the attendance was much larger than upon either of the preceding days. The first race was the Elkhorn Stakes, for three-year-olds, $100 each, $700 added, only three starting, and Bowen & Co.'s Cammie winning with the utmost ease by ten lengths, Himyar being second, a long distance before his stable-companion, Hearsay.....The second race was the Colt and Filly Stakes, for two-year-olds, one mile, for which a half dozen started. It proved a good thing for Swigert's Spendthrift, who was four good lengths in front at the finish, Montreal leading Sculley ten lengths; Stilton fourth, Good-night fifth, and Stuart closed with Mile and a quarter dash, $250, for which four started. The result was the very easy victory of Williams' Springbranch, three lengths away from Crosslett, who was four lengths before Tom Barlow, Mahlstick beaten off. Time, 2:29¾.

THE DONCASTER, ENG., RACES.

The Fall meeting at Doncaster, Eng., began Sept. 10, the chief event of the day being the Champagne Stakes, for two-year-olds, £50 each, five of the thirty-two subscribers starting, and the winner proving to be Lord Falmouth's Charibert; Count Lagrange's Rayon d'Or second, Geo. Albert third. Betting: 9 to 4 against Charibert, 6 to 4 against Rayon d'Or, and 8 to 1 against Geo. Albert.

The race for the St. Leger Stakes, for three-year-olds, £25 each, £300 to second and £100 to third, which closed with 245 subscribers, was the greatest attraction on the second day, 11th. Fourteen horses started, and Lord Falmouth's colors again proved triumphant, Archer piloting Jannette to victory in grand style, while her stable-companion Childeric finished second. Last year Lord Falmouth's two, Silvio and Lady Golightly, also finished first and second, Archer then riding the winner also. Jannette, who was ridden under waiting tactics, did not make any effort until the distance was reached, when she joined issue with Childeric, and beat him easily by four lengths. Half a length behind him came Master Kildare in front of the French colts Clocher, Insulaire and the English-bred starters Atalus, Beauclerc, Boniface, Castlereagh, Eau de Vie, Red Archer, Potentate, Glengarry and Mappleton. Betting: 3 to 0 against Jannette, 8 to 1 against Childeric, 15 to 1 against Master Kildare.

BEACON PARK RACES.

The inaugural running meeting of the Beacon Jockey Club, which was sadly interfered with by rain, was brought to an end on Tuesday, Sept. 10, when four races took place. The first was a mile dash, for all ages, selling allowances, and had four starters, Blondell winning by a length; W. J. Higgins second, Fusilade third, Hattie F. fourth. Time, 2:14.....The Faneuil Hall Market Purse, mile heats, handicap, was run for by three, with Hattie F. the favorite; but Patriot won both heats very easily, Egypt being second in the first, but breaking down and getting distanced in the next. Time, 1:47¾, 1:48¾. A mile-heat handicap hurdle race followed, with seven starters. The first h- at was won by Shylock, Dallgasian second, Wild Oats third; the second by Wild Oats, Dallgasian second, and Shylock third; and the third by Wild Oats, beating Shylock by a short head. Time, 1:53½, 1:51½, 1:52½.

AT NARRAGANSETT PARK, Cranston, R. I., the trotting meeting closed Sept. 10, with the finish of the 2:29 race, postponed from the 9th, after five heats had been contested. On the day preceding, Conway's Penelope won the first and fourth heats, and now she took the sixth and first mean, Zemulus, who won the second and third heats, trotted dead with Penelope for the fifth and was second in the other two, secured second money, the others being ruled out after the fifth heat. Time, 2:27, 2:29, 2:29, 2:29, 2:30½, 2:28.

ATHLETIC.

POLO.--BUFFALO vs. WESTCHESTER.

The return match between teams representing respectively the Buffalo and Westchester Polo Clubs was contested at Buffalo, N. Y., at the Driving Park, Sept. 7. About five thousand spectators were on the grounds. The sides were: Buffalo—Bronson Rumsey, Dr. Chas. Cary, John N. Scatcherd, and Jr. H. R. Hopkins. Westchester—J. G. Bennett, August Belmont Jr., F. G. Griswold, and Herman Oelrichs. The local players clearly demonstrated their superiority by winning three straight games, although the visitors made a determined fight for the first, which occupied forty-six minutes, including fifteen minutes' rest after the ball had been knocked out of bounds twenty-five times in thirty-three minutes. The second game lasted fifteen minutes less, and the third was over in five minutes. Referee, James W. Wadsworth.....On the 9th teams of five men gave an exhibition at the same place, the players being: Buffalo—Dr. Cary, B. Rumsey, L. D. Rumsey, Thomas Cary and J. N. Scatcherd. Westchester—J. G. Bennett, F. G. Griswold, H. Oelrichs, Peters and Bryce. As before, the Buffalos won, taking the first game in twenty minutes, the second in twelve, and the fourth and last in thirteen minutes. The Westchesters captured the third game in seventeen minutes. Referee, A. Belmont Jr.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.—The first annual Fall meeting of this club will be held at the club grounds, Eighth avenue, 56th and 57th streets, on Saturday, Sept. 21, commencing at 3 P. M. The programme will be as follows, unless circumstances demand a change: 1, 100yds. run, handicap; 2, running high-jump; 3, two-mile run; 4, putting the shot; 5, one-mile walk, handicap; 6, throwing the hammer; 7, 440yds. run; 8, running broad jump; 9, two-mile walk; 10, half-mile run, handicap; 11, pole-leaping; 12, 440yds. hurdle-race, handicap; 13, one-mile run (members Dauntless Boat Club); 14, tug-of-war. Tug-of-war teams to consist of four men each. One substitute and two coaches. A set of colors to the winning team. An entrance-fee of fifty cents (not returnable) per man, for each and every game, must accompany all entries. Gold and silver medals will be given in each event, and in numbers 3 and 5 three medals will be given. For the quarter-mile run there will be ten hurdles, 2½ft. high. Entries close Saturday, Sept. 14, with George D. Parmly, 717 Sixth avenue, N. Y. City.

A GENTLEMAN offers to match J. E. Warburton, the north-country amateur, "to run Greenop (the Grasmere guide-and champion) across the Silver Hon Mountain (Grasmere) and back again, or across the Lango Pike Mountain (Ambleside) and back again, for £100 or £200 a side; or any other person in the world may join in (if Greenop is willing), and make a sweepstakes of £100 or £200 each, the winner to take the lot; or Warburton will give Greenop 300 yards start in ten miles (to run on a Blackburn cricket ground), for a similar amount." *Land and Water* thinks that, if this challenge is authorized, Warburton will have to resign his position as an amateur.

A BICYCLE TOURNAMENT is to be given by the Middlesex South Agricultural Society, at Framingham, Mass., Sept. 18, as follows: First race—one-mile heats, best three in five. First prize, silver pitcher and cup; second prize, fruit stand. Second race—two-mile heats, best three in five. First prize, duplex bicycle; second prize, pitcher and gobiets. Third race—five-mile heats, best three in five. First prize, Stanley bicycle; second prize, flower and fruit stand. None but amateurs allowed to contest for prizes.

THE BUFFALO (N. Y.) ATHLETIC CLUB held an election Sept. 9, with this result: President, J. J. Doheny; first vice-president, J. G. Wicker; second vice-president, W. E. Hingston; secretary, W. A. Laux; treasurer, George H. Hofheins; captain, W. Lazenby; first lieutenant, E. Georger; second lieutenant, Geo. Hutter.

HUGH MCKINNON writes, under date of Sept. 9, that, owing to a severe injury to one of his hands, received while in the discharge of his duty as Chief-of-police at Belleville, Ont., he is unable at present to perfect arrangements in the matter of the proposed match with D. C. Ross, but he hopes to be able to do so ere the lapse of many days.

W. C. CONKLIN of Plainfield, N. J., sends us a challenge to W. F. Gibson, a contestant in the half-mile run at the Glenwood A. C. games, whom he offers to run any distance, from 880yds. up to two miles, for a medal worth $50; to run in two weeks from date of challenge, Sept. 9, at either New York or Plainfield.

R. JACKSON AND T. DUTTON will give $100 to be run for in a great all-American handicap, distance 300 yards, at Jackson and Dutton's Passaic County Fair Grounds, Passaic, N. J., Oct. 5, 7. First prize, $70; second, $20; third, $10. Entries will close at Robert Jackson's residence, Passaic, Oct. 1. Entrance fee, $2.

P. DAVIN performed well at the Kilkenny Athletic Sports, Ireland, last month, winning the first four events right off the reel—the 42lb shot with a "put" of 34ft. 8in.; the 16lb with 36ft. 8in.; high-jump, 5ft. 11in.; long-jump, 22ft. 1in.

DONALD DINNIE put the 16lb-shot 46ft. 5in. at the Strathern highland games, Scotland, Aug. 23, and he and R. Hindle, between them, carried off a large number of the events at the Crieff highland games next day.

A BENEFIT is to be given at Harry Hill's Variety Theatre Sept. 26 for the yellow-fever sufferers. "Old Bill" Tovee the veteran pugilist offers to set-to with anyone who may so desire.

J. T. CROSSLEY is on the 5½yd. mark in a 130yds. handicap to be run at Manchester, Eng., Sept. 28, 30. G. Wallace is scratch-man.

THE TRIGGER.

THE BROOKLYN GUN CLUB championship was contended for by ten members at Dexter Park, Cypress Hills, L. I., Sept. 10. Each contestant shot at ten birds, from five ground-traps, handicap rise, 80 yards fall, ties shot off at three birds. Gildersleeve (28yds.), Atkinson (27) and Bridges (25) killed all, and in shooting off the two former again grassed all. Gildersleeve then killed three more (making sixteen in succession), and Atkinson missed three. Referee, Mr. Elmendorf.

A WISCHESTER REPEATING RIFLE was shot for at the Brinton range, near Elizabeth, N. J., Sept. 13, rain falling heavily, and a strong southwest wind prevailing. Twenty-two competitors shot at 200 yards, ten shots per man, and J. T. B. Collins won, with a score of 44 out of a possible 50, J. L. Paulding, J. F. Rathyen and J. and W. Gourley scoring 41 each, A. J. Howles 40, and T. H. Holton and B. Squire 39 each.

THE ANNUAL FALL PRIZE MEETING of the National Rifle Association will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 17, and continue until Saturday, 21, ten competitions taking place then, thirteen on the second day, nine on the third, ten on the fourth, and two on the fifth and last day.

BASEBALL.

FOREST CITY vs. ROCHESTER AND EXCHANGE.

The game played at Cleveland, O., Sept. 7, was remarkable for the heavy batting done by the Forest Citys, they got out of five games played. Swartwood of the Amateur Red Stockings of Cleveland filled Caskins' place after one inning, Caskin being disabled by a thrown-ball to second, trying to cut him out.

FOREST C.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ROCHESTER.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gruber, c.	5	1	1	6	3	1	Crane, 2d b.	4	1	1	4	4	1
Eden, r. f.	5	1	1	0	0	0	Swartw'd, l. f.	1	0	0	1	1	1
Phillips, 1b.	5	3	3	9	0	0	Caskin, 3b.	1	0	0	1	1	0
Riley, l. f.	6	2	2	0	0	0	Tobin, 1st b.	3	0	1	6	1	0
Burke, s. s.	5	1	2	1	4	0	Simmons, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
G'asscock, 3b	4	0	2	3	1	0	Glenn, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Strief, 2d b.	4	1	1	2	3	1	Shattuck, s. s.	3	0	1	2	4	0
Ely, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Glenn, 3b, l. f.	3	0	1	2	1	0
Salisbury, p.	4	1	1	2	5	4	Kennedy, c.	3	1	1	4	1	0
							Sullivan, p.	3	0	1	2	1	0
Totals.	42	12	16	24	16	6	Totals.	28	2	6	24	12	3

Forest City	0	0	0	3	0	3	5	2	0	0	0	0	12
Rochester	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2

Earned runs—Simmons and Glenn, Crane and Tobin. Two-base hits—Bronson Rumsey, Dr. Chas. Cary, John N. Scatcherd, and Jr. H. R. Hopkins. Westchester—J. G. Bennett, August Belmont Jr., F. G. Griswold, and Herman Oelrichs. The local players clearly demonstrated their superiority by winning three straight games, although the visitors made a determined fight for the first, which occupied forty-six minutes, including fifteen minutes' rest after the ball had been knocked out of bounds twenty-five times in thirty-three minutes. The second game lasted fifteen minutes less, and the third was over in five minutes. Referee, James W. Wadsworth.....On the 9th teams of five men gave an exhibition at the same place, the players being: Buffalo—Dr. Cary, B. Rumsey, L. D. Rumsey, Thomas Cary and J. N. Scatcherd. Westchester—J. G. Bennett, F. G. Griswold, H. Oelrichs, Peters and Bryce. As before, the Buffalos won, taking the first game in twenty minutes, the second in twelve, and the fourth and last in thirteen minutes. The Westchesters captured the third game in seventeen minutes. Referee, A. Belmont Jr.

BOSTON vs. CINCINNATI.

A game, the proceeds of which were applied to the relief of the yellow-fever victims, was played by the above clubs at Cincinnati, O., Sept. 9. Ten innings had to be played in order to end the darkness necessitated a stoppage.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	5	0	0	1	4	0	Jones, 1st b.	4	0	1	6	0	0
Burdock, 2b.	5	1	2	5	4	1	Gerhardt, 2b.	4	0	0	2	2	0
Manning, r. f.	5	0	1	2	0	0	O'Rourke, c.	4	2	1	1	1	0
O'Rourke, c.	4	2	2	1	1	0	Leonard, l. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Leonard, l. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0	Sutton, 3b.	4	1	2	0	2	0
Sutton, 3b.	4	1	2	0	2	0	Morrill, 1st b.	3	0	0	11	0	1
Morrill, 1st b.	3	0	0	11	0	1	Schafer, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Schafer, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Bond, p.	4	0	1	2	6	1
Bond, p.	4	0	1	2	6	1	Deasley, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
							Geer, s. s.	4	1	2	1	1	0
Totals.	39	6	11	30	16	7	Totals.	44	6	12	30	16	6

Earned runs—Cincinnati, 3; Boston, 5. Two-base hits—O'Rourke, Sullivan, Mitchell, Gerhardt. Three-base hits—O'Rourke, Dickerson and Clapp. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 3; Boston, 2. Double-play—Boston, 1. Umpire, Mr. Walsh. Time, 2h. 55m.

CINCINNATI vs. CHICAGO.

The game between these clubs at Chicago, Ill., Sept. 11, was a pitchers' match in the truest sense of the word, they deserving all the credit for one of the finest contests ever witnessed anywhere.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	CHICAGO.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Jones, 1. f.	4	0	1	5	0	0	Cassidy, r. f.	5	0	0	2	0	0
Gerhardt, 2b.	4	0	0	3	0	1	Start, 1st b.	5	2	1	18	0	0
McVey, 3b.	4	0	0	0	4	0	Hank'son, 2b.	5	2	3	2	4	0
J. White, c.	4	0	1	6	0	1	McVey, 3b.	4	0	1	1	3	0
Kelly, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Wall, c.	4	0	1	6	1	3
Dickerson, cf	4	1	1	2	0	0	Kelly, r. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Sullivan, lb.	3	0	0	7	0	1	Dickerson, cf	4	0	1	2	0	0
White, p.	3	0	1	0	8	1	Sullivan, lb.	4	0	1	9	2	1
Geer, s. s.	3	0	1	2	5	0	W. White, p.	4	0	1	0	4	0
							Geer, s. s.	4	0	1	2	5	0
Totals.	34	2	5	27	13	3	Totals.	41	5	11	27	18	4

Cincinnati	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2
Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Two-base hit—Kelly. First base on errors—Chicago, 4; Cincinnati, 4. Umpire, Mr. Stambaugh of Chicago.

RESOLUTE vs. ATLANTA.

At Halifax, N. S., Sept. 6, the Atlantas were defeated by the Red Stockings as follows:

RESOLUTE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	ATLANTA.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Coffee, 2d b.	5	2	1	3	3	1	Jordan, 2d b., p	4	2	0	3	11	
Lane, p.	5	1	3	1	0	0	Hackett, c.	4	0	1	10	3	
Cruse, s. s.	4	1	1	1	4	1	Hart, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Donohue, c.	4	1	2	11	2		Morris, 3d b.	5	0	1	1	2	
Pender, 1b.	5	0	0	1	1	0	Quigley, p., 1b.	4	1	1	7	3	
Winsor, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Pender, 1b., 2b.	5	1	0	4	2	
Brown, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Jones, r. f.	5	0	0	2	0	
Rouselle, 1st b.	4	0	1	9	1	0	Power, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	
Graham, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Reyno, r. f.	3	1	0	0	0	
Totals.	38	8	7	27	22		Totals.	38	6	3	27	21	

Resolute	4	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	8
Atlanta	4	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	6

Earned runs—Resolute, 3. Two-base hit—Hackett. First base on errors—Resolute, 5; Atlanta, 10. Double-plays—Lane, Rouselle, Donohue; Cruse, Rouselle. Umpire, E. W. G. Abbot. Time, 1h. 45m.

BOSTON vs. INDIANAPOLIS.

The Bostons made good their claim to the championship on Sept. 12, when they beat the Indianapolis (Ind.) Club on the latter's grounds and won by two runs, the playing of both teams being fine.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	INDIANAPOLIS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	5	0	0	1	4	0	Hall, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Burdock, 2b.	4	1	0	2	4	1	Schafer, 2b.	4	0	0	1	8	2
Manning, r. f.	4	0	0	2	4	1	Clapp, 1b.	4	1	1	16	0	0
O'Rourke, c.	4	1	1	6	1	0	William'n, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	1
Leonard, l. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0	Flint, c.	4	0	0	5	1	0
Sutton, 3b.	4	1	2	0	2	0	Warner, s. s.	4	0	0	0	2	1
Morrill, 1b.	4	0	1	13	0	0	McKelvey, c. f	3	0	0	2	0	0
Snyder, c.	4	0	0	5	2	0	Bond, p.	3	0	0	0	5	0
Bond, p.	3	0	0	0	5	0	M'Cormick, r.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	41	8	10	27	18	3	Totals.	42	2	4	27	18	3

Orange	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3
New York	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2

Runs earned—Orange, 3; New York, 1. First base on errors—Orange, 5; New York, 6. Umpire, A. F. Irving. Time of game, 2h. 5m.

On Sept. 10 the New York and Montgomery Clubs had a spirited contest together at the Union Grounds, on the ex-Chicagos' second contest in the tourney, which was won by the latter by three runs, their superior fielding.

MONTGOMERY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	NEW YORK.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Croman, 2d b.	1	0	1	6	0	Anderson, 3b.	0	2	1	2	2
Shannon, 3d b.	1	0	1	1	2	Holden, p.	1	2	1	4	3
McGirk, r. f.	0	1	1	1	0	Costello, s. s.	0	1	3	5	0
Ridly, s. s.	1	1	0	2	1	Walker, 1st b.	1	1	12	2	0
Hayes, c.	0	1	0	4	0	Kelly, r. f.	0	1	1	2	0
McElroy, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0	Schaffer, 1st b.	0	0	14	0	0
Schaffer, 1st b.	0	0	14	0	0	Golden, c.	0	0	4	2	1
McDonald, p.	0	1	0	5	0	Murphy, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Dougherty, c.f.	0	0	0	0	0	Simmons, c. f.	0	1	0	0	1
Totals.	3	6	27	17	3	Totals.	3	9	27	14	8

Montgomery	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
New York	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2

Earned runs—Montgomery, 0; New York, 2. First base by errors—Montgomery, 5; New York, 2. Umpire, Mr. Fleet of the Flyaway Club. Time, 2h. 10m.

The same day the Hudsons met the

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 8 P. M., MONDAY, Sept. 16.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Eloise
Armond, Arzena
Blitz, Mrs. Eugene
Baker, Mrs. A. F.
Boniface, Marie
Buckingham, Fannie L.
Bernard, Mrs. Mary
Bates, Mrs. E. M.
Bartis, La-la
Beaumont, Nellie
Bretto, Emma
Crolins, Mina
Cooke, Mrs. Woods
Correll, Blanche
Duclos, Ninon
Dark, Lizzie
Deiev, Ines (actress)
Eagle, Jennie
Elzeltine Sisters(3)
Emson, Julia
Farrell, Minnie
Fielding, Mrs. Maggie
Fontainblean, Blanche
Fenderson, Juliette
Forrest, Lillian(2)
Forrest, Welda (of Fisk's Co.)
Fisher, Mrs. (English p. o. mark)
Gray, Mabel (2)
Hermann, Mrs. Alex.
Hall, Grace
Hays, Sallie
Howorth, Mrs. M. E.
Howard, Lillie
Holmes, Mrs. E. B.
Hill, Marian &c.
Hindle, Annie
Herring, Fannie
Hall, Lillie
Hall, Mrs. Eliza
Jeal, Linda
Johnson Mamie (of Globe Dram. Co.)
Johns, Effie
Kenyon, Lida (2)
Kearns, Irene
LaVerde, Belle
Leon, Lillie
Lynn, May
McKeown, Lizzie
Mulvey, Lizzie
Markley, Edna
Malmburg, Mrs. Emma
Marshall, Florence
Merbert, Sara
Moore, Mrs. Louisa
Montague, Mrs. Kate
Neville, Charlotte
Nelson, Miss A.
Newan, Stella
Nelson, Annie (English p. o. mark)
Pendy, Mrs. John
Pascoe, Marie
Post, Mrs. E. M.
Parker, Lizzie (of Parker Sist.) 6c.
Putnam, Katie
Ransom, Alice O.
Reeves, Nellie (dansense)
Richmond, Adah (3)
Ray, Lavina
Rinehart, Mrs. S.
Ross, Virginia
Seymour, Mattie (of Hughes' Co.)
Sylvester, Louise
St. Felix, Madam
Shanley, Josephine (2)
Sanville, Tillie
Smith, Helena
Saunderson, Mrs. L. (3)
Stetson, Louise
Seaman, Gertie
Smith, Allie (song-and-dance)
Tracy, Marion
Tenbrook, May
Villepique, Jennie
Valade, Fannie
Vane, Clara (vocalist)
Walters, Nellie
Whittingham, Marie
Wilson, Cora
Watson, Bertha

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Franklin, J. T.
Glassford, Jr., Andy
Gladstone, Sam
Gorman, M. J.
Gaylord, Joe (3)
Gale, Walter
Gossin, J. L.
Gaston, Albert (3)
Gleason Bros.
Goodyear, C. W.
Grover, Leonard
Garland, G. S.
Holbrook, Jas.
Howland, Frank
Harvey, E. H.
Hart, Billy
Haney, —(of Searles, Begs & Haney)
Harkinson, J. (of N. Y. Serenaders)
Husted, H. C.
Hoey, Wm.
Palmer, Jas. C.
Perry, O. H.
Quinn, Eddie
Rowan, Wm.
Ray, Frank
Ryse, Ellis
Rice, Col. J. H.
Rankin, A. McKee (3)
Radcliffe, G. B. (of Forepaugh & Sir.) (2)
Richards, Al
Rosenbaum, Jr., E.
Rosston, Gus
Rampone, J. G.
Renaldo, Harry
Renfrow, Al. (2)
Retlaw & Alton
Robinson, Harry
Reynolds, Barney
Richards, Jas.
Rice, Dan (circus prop.)
Redmond, Joe
Stem, C. N.
Shedden, Alex. 3c.
Stevens, O Dale
Smith, Shirley
Swain, S. C.
Sweet, J. D.
Sullivan, C. S.
Singer, Wm.
Shell, Wm.
Skiff, Den
Strauach, Max
Sadler, Tom
Straight, Ned
Snow, Ben 5c.
Shepard, Wm (manager)
Shannon, George
Sanderson, H. S.
Shafer, Jim
Strebig, J. V.
Salsbury, N. (2)
Singer, Wilbelm
Saxon, Harry
Sweeney, B. S.
Howe, Bill
Sleeper, Hal
Scott, Ruius
Stanwood, Harry (banjoist)
Sullivan & Harrington
Saunders, C. H. (comedian)
Scully & Barry
Sparks, J. (of Sparks Bros.)
Topack, G. (of Topack & Long) (2)
Talbott, Harry
Tinkham, Joe
Tinkham, Ed. A. (2)
Tolpfer, Chas. (of Seiler Man)
Thorne & Christie
Termeny, Ted
Tayrer, C. Sc.
Van Zandt, A. D.
Vere, G. W.
Webster, Jas.
Woods, Mr. (of California Thea.)
Whitcomb, A. J.
Wagner, Cal
White, F. B.
Williams, Billy (of Willi. & Sully)
Wires, B. S.
Wilson, A. B.
Woods, Prof. Wm.
Washburn, Harry
Williams, Ned (of T. Pastor's)
Wells, H. C. (3)
Wallingen, John L.
Yost, W. H.
McIntyre, J (of McIntyre & Heath)
Murrell, A. C.
Murdock, A. C.
Moak, J. A.
Morris, J. R.
Moulton, J. G.
McDowell, Alfred
Montague & Molton

LETTERS FOR THE FOLLOWING were in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office on Sept. 12: Martell Family, Acrobatic Marvels; Green Family, Aerial Artists; Mr. Hinds; Showman; Sam Jones, of Callender Co.; Thos. Reid; Theresa Mount, of Tennessee Jubilee Singers (2); Mrs. Julian Robinson, of Jubilee Singers; Chas. Hunt, Agent of Hopkins & Bolingers; Mrs. Pinkey Johnson, of Virginia Jubilee Singers; and Mrs. Pinkey Johnson, of Virginia Jubilee Singers.

LETTER LIST in the LETTERS in the Madison (Wis.) Post-office for Dr. B. Hodges, of Tony Denier's Co., and Chas. A. Thorman, of London Circus.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Sept. 16, '78.

Things theatrical in the metropolis are in a sort of muddle, or, as Lotta would say, considerably mixed. The week just closed has developed the startling fact that the adulterous society drama has lost its grip, and that even the so-called "model theatre of America" has scored a decided failure, at the very opening of the season, in its attempt to revive the immoral and seductive attraction which once held New York captive. And the decaying "dramatist of the age" shares with the manager of the model establishment in the humiliation and mortification caused by the failure of "Clarissa Harlowe," in Mayhew-port's "Olivia," belonging to the same pernicious school, has disappointed the public as well as the actress, and but for the great personal attraction of the lady, and the charming manner in which "Olivia" was set upon the stage, the let-down would have been more than ordinarily severe. This result shows that what pleases a London audience will not in every case satisfy the more critical New York theatre-goer. Wallack's abortion is to be speedily and appropriately swallowed up in "The School for Scandal," and the erring daughter of the Vicar of Wakefield is to be succeeded by "Mother and Son." While Genevieve Ward has made a favorable impression at Booth's Theatre, the play of "Jane Shore," still another of the adulterous family, has met with no more favor than has been accorded to "Olivia" and "Clarissa," and were it not for the exquisite setting, and notably the great snow-scene, "Jane" would have succumbed to the advance of the Fourth Estate long before this; there's no scene like it within the memory of the oldest scene-shifter. Even on the warmest evening of the past week, while gazing at this beautiful work of art, we were sorely tempted to send home for our bob-tailed ulster. ..... At the outset of their managerial experiment at the Broadway Theatre, Messrs. Edgar & Fulton seem to have "builded better than they knew," for in presenting the English actress Miss Ada Cavendish for the suffrages of an American constituency they have shown discrimination and tact which older managers might profit by, and their efforts have evoked critical praise and public approval. Ada Cavendish, who upon her arrival here was sick and sore, and wanted to go home, has emerged from the fiery ordeal of an American debut without a feather being ruffled, without even a hairpin being disturbed—she has succeeded by the sheer force of her acting, and she was just long in learning that the American people are quick to recognize and reward true merit. Score a bull's-eye for the Broadway, its new management and Miss Cavendish..... It would give us equal delight should we say the same of Brother Henderson at the opening attraction of his Standard Theatre; but we cannot do so without falsifying and treading the record; for the new play, "An Open Verdict," on its first trial was condemned by a jury of its peers without their leaving their seats, and the mystery attending the guilty author is almost certain to go down to the dark and "slimy tomb" with the "festering carcase" unclaimed, unhonored and unsung of men. Quotes and passages are selected from the casket of gems of D. Kearney, who has suddenly dropped out, as it might be, or become merged, so to speak, in some heathen Chinee who was about to go.—ED.] For various reasons we regret the failure of "An Open Verdict." Manager Henderson placed it upon the stage in a careful and liberal manner; and unless he can evolve from this conundrum of crudities something fresh and sparkling, in which the new furniture and things can be made to do duty, the "Sorrows of Werter" must be cheerful in comparison with the lamentations of the popular standard-bearer..... Mary Anderson was wise in declining, while in Europe, to have herself fitted with a new play, although her habits were worth fitting. [Having reference to the new dresses made for her by the man-milliner over there.—ED.] Mary does not grow in grace or artistic intensity, but she is young yet; she has plenty of time to school herself for the stage, while her parents are coaching her for the press. There was a large attendance of ladies at Saturday's matinee to see her in "The Hunchback." [Look sharp now.] In the crush of coming out, after the performance, many a sylph-like form became disarranged, and many a gaudily-attired angel was unable to get her hunch back to its proper place..... Wilhelm with a small j was among the arrivals of the past week; he is a fiddler who is said to have raised his bow to some purpose in Europe, but whether that will be the case of promise in this country must depend to a certain extent upon the strength and durability of his E string; should *that* snap, then the success of the scrap will be in as great doubt as was the case of Fiddler Neary a few years ago. "Our Jim" says that solo-fiddling is a great waste unless there is a dance to accompany it..... There is a paper published in London which glories in the name of *Truth*, and its speciality seems to be to lie-bie people. It recently donned a new suit of type, and now it has on hand numerous suits for libel. The manager of the London Aquarium recently succeeded in getting a jury to dispense a verdict in the *Truth* and a musical critic has been doing his level best to prove *Truth a liar!* How happy we should be in this country, where there are no such *Truth*-ful papers, where journalists have nothing but good to say of one another, and where the harmony of the penotypes is only equaled by that of the music types. Let us conjure up an

ODE TO TRUTH.

To think that *Truth*, when libeled thus,
Should fail to be vindicated—
That after all this legal fuss
The point should remain unstated!
Yet the issue makes this one fact plain,
And it drives us to righteous fury:
"*Truth* crushed to earth may rise again,"
But the lever will not be a jury!

.....The influence of our athletic associations is beginning to effect great changes in society. A few days ago we saw this startling announcement in a daily paper:

"THE CARTIER SOCIETY HOPS."

This society was formerly composed exclusively of *dancers*, and *hopping* was not permissable. When we reflect—but in justice to our readers we had better not reflect any of our reflections upon them..... In the coal-mines a strike is sometimes more destructive than the *colliery*. Whether "The Strike" at the Bowery this week is to be alike destructive to the management of that minor temple of the drama time alone can determine!..... The proprietor of a theatre on West 14th street announces that his establishment is "lighted with natural gas!" Is this intended to be sarcasm at the expense of the players?..... Times *must* be getting better, else how could Macallister the magician afford to give away two hundred dollars in cash every week at the Globe Theatre? The magician is also happy in knowledge of the fact that Wesley, his manager, is not the *walker* of that name!..... The American moral drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is setting 'em wild in England. They've never had anything *half* so moral in that country, and it is no wonder that the churches are comparatively deserted. Jarrett & Palmer are meeting with just as much success in their moral entertainments as that which attended the efforts of Brothers Moody and Sankey. And to think that *we* sent 'em the great moral show—whistlers, and banjoists, and jubilee singers! And yet we are a young country, and haven't attempted much in the moral line so far. What will they say over there when we send 'em Kearney, *the great moral leper?*..... Among the numerous postal-cards received at this office last week was one addressed to "The Live Stock Reporter," requesting him to call at a stable in Sixth avenue to see a three-legged horse! For a time we were in doubt whether to give it to our Wall-street live "stock" reporter or to "Our Jim," but Jim eventually got the benefit of the doubt. ..... The only theatre in the city that has a wealthy manager is the newly-opened Haymarket. [This don't seem to jibe, somehow, Jimmy, read it, and see how it "strikes" you.—ED.] haint nothin' into it, as I kin see." Have you been tampering with it? It was all right at first. "I dun nothin' to it but change the rich manager to a wealthy one, as sounding better." Ah! that's it. That little word makes all the difference—it's the only theatre that has a *Rich* manager. See? "I think wealthy is a better word," Rich is one man's name. "Oh, yes—now I see it. Wonder if our constant readers'll tumble to it."]..... Manager Henderson calls it his "new and absorbing drama." It isn't *every* manager who would thus pleasantly allude to a drain upon his treasury..... Miss Sara Jewett—Sara without an aitch—is to be seen here again at the Union-square Theatre next Monday. We hope some Good Samaritan has cautioned her against throwing her arms around the necks of all the people in the cast, as she did in "A Celebrated Case." Poetry:

ALL FOR HER.

There was a young lady named Sara,
And an aitch to her name there was nara;
Her acting was neat,
And she wrote poetry as sweet
As the finest lines from yours truly, the bearer.

.....Now, isn't this good in Rose Eytinge? Notwithstanding her unrehearsed collision with the pure in spirit in Philadelphia, she has kindly consented to take part in an entertainment to be given at Darien, Conn., Sept. 20, for the benefit of St. Luke's Church..... Gilmore is coming home with flying colors and drums beating, and hired porters to carry their trunks home from the steamer, which should reach here by Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. Hooray! Let's get up something or other to welcome them!..... Theodore Thomas's complimentary concert, which happened on Gilmore's Garden on Sept. 1, netted him nearly four thousand dollars and a half, without counting the cost of the beer the members of the orchestra consumed. And yet that isn't much to pay to get rid of a conductor who *won't* give the people popular music. The society of the Cincinnati *may* get along better with him, but the people of Cincinnati *will* get along with'm. Thomas has been reading the papers, and he complains bitterly of the "wealthy" manager of the Haymarket, upon whose bills of the play may be found this legend: "No boys admitted."..... One of our theatres advertises "A Quiet Neighborhood," notwithstanding an elevated railroad station is almost at its door. [Yes, "Quiet" will be denied hearing at the Grand Opera-house through intervention of an injunction at the suit of Katie Mayhew, is to be tried in the people's court at Niblo's Garden this evening. If we may be permitted to improve the language of one Shakespeare, we can truthfully exclaim:

"There is a divinity that shapes Miss' ends,
Though Katie Mayhew them roughly as she will."

.....There is a lady who is blessed with the gift of "Second Sight," and she professes to turn it to a good account, and she is right. There is another who has her second teeth. These two would make a strong combination. The man born with a caul might do first-rate with these secondary attractions..... One word of explanation. They have got "Hiawatha" on the road, and, like roast beef rare, its "going round doing good." It was in Boston recently, and the Bostonians generally believe that Longfellow wrote it. They really haven't that nobody but the immortal bard can drop into that peculiar metre. Now listen:

"HIAWATHA."

Now "Evangeline" has left us,
Comes lauded brave "Hiawatha,"
From the Museum in Boston,
From the town of beans and culture.
Should you ask us, "Whence this burlesque,
Whence this unholy and nonsense,
Whence these puns, the most amazing
Ever punned by any punster?"
We should answer, we should tell you:
Henry Wadsworth did not do it,
Had no hand in all its making,
Never even saw it acted;
Yout it had its rise in Rice's
Active brain, who was assisted
By Nathaniel; so the play is
Child of Childs and Edward, also.
Thus you see it has Two Fathers,
While the Boston Theatre opened
With "Two Mothers;" yet Miss Claxton
Still is playing in "Two Orphans,"
Spite of us and "Hiawatha."

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The Original Swedish Quartet, as they are known in contradistinction to the Mishler party of last season, will return to this country about Oct. 5. .....The Cologne Theatre, Germany, is trying the experiment of an invisible orchestra..... Berlin is to be enlivened in November by the voices of Patti and Nicolini at $2,000 per night..... Willie Winter has just added "Othello" as the seventh volume to his "Prompt-book" series of Shakespeare's acting plays. .....Edward B. Perry, the blind piano player, has returned to this country after three years of study in Europe, and on the 19th inst. he will make his début, in which he was assisted by Miss Fanny Kellogg..... According to Milan's *Gazette Musicale*, out of twenty-three operas produced in Italy from January to July, only two were partial failures. The remainder were total failures. The Scala, Milan, has in contemplation a new five-act opera entitled "Montezuma." Verdi is at present at work here during the approaching winter..... Augustus Wilbeling with his violin arrived here in the steamer Celtic on the 13th inst., and is at the Westminster Hotel. Maurice Strakosch, his manager, arrived with him, and is at the Everett House..... Arbuckle sailing from here for England recently was Henry Slaughter, husband of Marie Wainwright..... In La Union, Salvador, there is a natural curiosity in the person of a deaf man. The gentleman who employs him writes us that where the ears should be there is not even a semblance or mark of them. He neck and jaws, where the ears should be, are as smooth as the palm of a human hand. He is of course deaf, and he is also dumb. But he is very intelligent, can understand anything that is told him by signs, and is useful either to deliver written messages or to go to the houses of different articles. In discharging these duties he is thoroughly reliable..... *The Cardiff Mail* reports: "It will be a surprising fact to many to learn that public opinion agrees that Germany will beat all other nations in pianos at the Exposition. The instruments from that country, according to cool judges, possess more of the 'singing quality,' and this after four months' exposure to dust and variations of temperature. The English pianos are accused of hardness of metallic tone. A piano from Buenos Ayres is remarked for its excellence. Spanish pianos are not without admirers for their tone, color and capacity."..... Mrs. Harry Linden has not accompanied her husband to England, but will continue her professional labors here..... The three children of David Graham, the well-known sandy-haired drum-major of the Seventh Regiment for many years, and also of Wallack's Theatre orchestra, were last week found hungry and in rags and squalor. Their father died over a year ago, and his wife died a few months afterwards. The children, with the property he left for their maintenance, passed into the care of relatives, who have neglected the children, and have, it is alleged, squandered the property. A humane society has claimed the orphans, and will prosecute the relatives..... Mme. Rinehart, a lion-tamer, came near being killed while she was performing in a cage of wild animals at Marlboro, Mass., an infuriated panther biting her on the arm and hip. Her coolness saved her, and with her whip she transformed the panther into a cow..... Desirous of emulating Miss Sarah Bernhardt, the accomplished aeronaut of Paris, France, Betty Harpe, a dancer in the variety theatre of Deadwood, D. T., dressed herself in ballet style, and got into the basket-seat of a balloon. Then the fire caught in her tarlatan, and instantly she was ablaze. It will be several days before Miss Harpe will be sufficiently recovered to reflect that Miss Bernhardt leaves a balloon ascension, like Kearney's imperishable speech, is of the cold type..... M. Capoul is to direct the Salle Ventadour, Paris..... John Brougham reappears at Wallack's on Sept 21 as Sir Oliver Surface in "S. F. S."..... Miss Fanny Morant has been engaged for the Baroness of St. Andre in "Mother and Son" at the Union-square Theatre..... The afternoon of the 14th inst. witnessed the last concert of the season in Central Park..... Theodore Thomas closes his series of concerts at Gilmore's Garden on Sept. 29 ..... Ad. Neuendorf is a candidate for Thomas' vacant place as conductor of the N. Y. Philharmonic..... A concert at Terrace Garden on Sept. 14 brought the Arion Society's Summer season to its end..... A Chickering hall inaugurates the season with a concert by the Misses Flora L. Frost and Clara K. Colby. .....Maurice Neville, whose family have been residing here while he has been Neville-Moritzing in England and elsewhere abroad, are expected back from Europe in a week or so. ...Charles Mapleson, brother of Henry, is expected here this week to look out for the paternal Mapleson's interests in the Academy of Music..... Apropos of these Maplesons: Fry Anne, at Bedford House, London, the wife of Lieut.-col. J. H. Mapleson, director of Her Majesty's Opera, of a son..... The Germania Theatre, this city, opened on the 14th inst. Gen. Fry, Elizabeth of England, Prince of Portugal and Wales and Duke of Edinburgh, and right have expressed her love for the Earl of Essex, had she chosen to wag a Teutonic tongue. Jacob Blank's, in Third avenue, was crowded after the final curtain in Fourteenth street..... The Shah of Persia has presented the city of Paris with two camels no larger than ponies, and of a kind extremely rare—in Paris ..... R. W. Butler opens the season to-night as leading man at the Park theatre, his reliance now being strictly dramatic attractions. We wish him better luck than the late Ed. Eddy had when he opened the lower Stadt Theatre with the critically-roasted Polish drama of "The Phantom Captain." That play broke Eddy up, and he never gathered himself again..... Among those injured in the most recent of the railroad accidents—which are few, but always first-class—was the widow of J. M. Bellew, the elocutionist who visited this country about 1857 or '58. Then engaged twenty-three months' contract to render more impressive the funeral ceremonies in honor of her husband on Sept. 3, at the Church of Notre Dame, Paris. An accompaniment of harps glorified the "Gloria," and among the "Offertories" was a solo, sustained by three thousand choice roses, the gift of Brie Comte Robert..... Rullman's Italian Opera-concert Troupe will begin operations in this city on the 30th inst. Among the troupe are Signorina Alina Alhaiza, Matilda Tomasi is the contralto, Sig. Luberti the tenor, and Sig. Bonivers baritone. Franz Rummel is to play the piano for them..... Prof. Downing's band is playing at the Rink, where the American Institute Fair has made its annual reappearance ..... Gilmore's Band sailed from Bremen in the steamship Mosel, on Sept. 14, for home..... A. H. Robins, English comedian, died on Sept. 23, aged 52, also did Mrs. Egbert Roberts, professionally known as Jennie Moredan, aged 24..... John J. Parks, general manager of Howe's London Circus, was committed for trial..... P. Staub, proprietor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) Opera House, and a large real-estate owner, made an assignment on Sept. 12, in consequence of which the Knoxville Bank has closed its doors. Its liabilities are $50,000; its available assets, $8,000..... The Waite Sisters, who came here from England about five years ago, are traveling in Great Britain as "Irish Bulbul Sisters," singing Irish songs, dances, etc." There were three "sisters" over here, one being the mother of the other two..... In Detroit, Mich., Sept. 11, the Superior Court granted Miss Inez Sexton, now with the Tourjee-Smith Troupe in San Francisco, order for $50 solicitor's fee and $25 costs and $5 per week temporary alimony, pending the suit for divorce brought against her by Dr. B. Barbeinke. Jacquin Miller arrived here in the *City of Berlin* on Sept. 14..... Snyder, to whom William McGlory paid his physical respects in this city last week, and to whom John Thompson, of Philadelphia, played the part of Sergeant Kean—chiefly for Glory's sake—was reported to be dying on the 16th inst. ..... Mrs. J. L. Carhart's conception of Lady Janet Roy in "The New Magdalen," at the Broadway Theatre, has been one of the most delicate pieces of work as was apparent at last Saturday's matinee, the change has contributed to make it a very enjoyable performance. There was an uncommonly large attendance of ladies at that matinee.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE opened on Sept. 9. Its new managers are Messrs. Edgar & Fulton, who also assume control here done much towards beautifying the house and adding to the comfort of its patrons. The policy of the management is to present the latest available novelties and a rapid succession of stars, who are to be supported in the main by people new to this city. The honor of inaugurating the season fell to Ada Cavendish. For the past nine years she has been one of the chief excellences of the British stage, but on this occasion she appeared in America for the first time. The play chosen was "The New Magdalen." It is so familiar here, in one form or another, that it would be chewing the cud of idleness to now describe or discuss it. If we are not mistaken, the novel and the play were both first made known to this country by the Wilkie Collins' version of his own story that Miss Cavendish is now playing, and the ink was dry upon the drama before the novel itself had been finished. This explains why Wilkie Collins' climax to the second act, in which Mercy Merrick snatches the deadly poison from Grace Roseberry in her arms, differs from Wilkie Collins' story in which it is said to have been almost a score of dramatizations of "The New Magdalen," and in this country Mercy Merrick has found exponents from Katie Putnam, Annie Ward Tiffany and Virginia Germon up to Annie Firmin, May Howard, Rachel Macauley and Carlotta Leclercq. The earliest dramatization was that of Walter Benn Hare, a brother of John T. Raymond, and that which had the longest run on its first production was the one by the husband of Marie Duret, Bella Pateman being the Mercy. As to Wilkie Collins' own version, the bills of the Broadway Theatre announce that it is now being played in America for the first time. This is logically deducible from the fact that Miss Cavendish was the original Mercy Merrick in England, with the approval of Wilkie Collins. As matter of fact, however, he furnished Miss Leclercq with a duplicate version, and thus Miss Cavendish as Mercy in England was antedated eleven days by Miss Leclercq on this side of America. The original American cast of this version is now given, with that of the present:

	Globe, Boston, May 8, 1873.	*Broadway, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1878.*
Characters.		
Mercy Merrick,	Carlotta Leclercq.	Ada Cavendish.
Grace Roseberry,	Josie Orton.	Julia Hanchett.
Lady Janet Roy,	Mary Carr.	Mrs. J. L. Carhart.
Julian Gray,	H. H. Wood	Jos. Wheelock.
Horace Holmcroft,	W. H. Floyd.	A. Duffield.
Ignatius Wetzel,	Leslie Allen.	M. C. Daly.
Surgeon Sewelle,	H. R. Davies.	J. H. Burnett.
Capt. Arnault,	C. E. Cresswick.	R. Stirling.
Max,	George Connor.	J. Scott.
Police-officer,	A. Aldrich.	Mr. Steerforth.
Servant,	W. S. Harkins.	I. Davean.

Henceforth dealing solely with the Broadway production, it is to be recorded that the two scenes comprising the play were admirably set, and the play itself was admirably acted, as a whole. The French and German surgeons, who, with Captain Arnault and Max, appear only in the prologue, were in able hands in being entrusted to Messrs. Aldrich and Burnett, who are approved character actors. In making his first appearance in this city, Arthur Dudley was unfortunate in being weighted with the role of Horace Holmcroft, with whom the audience are at no time in sympathy. It was quite evident that not even Mr. Dudley was in sympathy with Horace Holmcroft. Miss Rose Julia Hanchett was likewise seen in this city for the first time. This is another role that is disagreeable in the main, but Miss Hanchett did her best to make something out of it, and once was called before the curtain. With youth and a good presence, backed by a dramatic instinct inherited from her father, the late Henry, Miss Hanchett as Grace exhibited talent that presages marked usefulness in the future, if not wide availability. Ilion Daveau made a noticeable personage of Lady Janet Roy's old servant. Mrs. J. L. Carhart, an old metropolitan favorite under another name, has been seen in this city in parts that have called for meek ability, but her part of Janet Roy in the last act compensated for any shortcomings in the first two. Next to the Mercy Merrick of the night, the most finished performance was Joseph Wheelock's Julian Gray. Despite their tendency to prosiness, his well-delivered lines when he preached or prayed, were at times thrilling, while no one in search of humor of the clergyman's radicalism was lost to the audience. The success of Miss Cavendish, in doubt while the prologue was progressing, was evident as soon as the first act of the play proper had been entered upon. Light, lithe and graceful in her physique, with a voice of more than power, she may be regarded as a Rose Coghlan and a Jeffreys Lewis combined, but having, perhaps, greater general mobility than either, and more and clearer facial expression than have both together. She reminds the auditor, rather than the spectator, first of the one, and then of the other. She is an actress who has come to stay, and who will write her name in no ephemeral way in the annals of the stage. Her support was fairly good, with the exception of Miss Leclercq as Mercy in England and Miss Cavendish as Mercy in

THEATRICAL AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., up to Sept. 15, are reported by our correspondent as follows:

"Olivia" was played for the first time in this city Sept. 9 at the Boston Museum, with the following cast: Dr. Primrose, Wm. Warren; Squire Thornhill, Henry Crisp; Mr. Burchell, J. S. Haworth; Moses, Geo. W. Wilson; Farmer Flamborough, J. H. Ring; Leigh, J. H. Jones; Meadowsweet, W. Melbourne; Dick, Little Gertrude; Bill, Little Lillie; Olivia, Miss Annie Clarke; Sophia, Miss Marie Wainwright; Mrs. Primrose, Mrs. J. R. Vincent; Polly Flamborough, Miss Lizzie Harold; Gipsy Fortune-teller, Miss Rose Temple; Phœbe, Miss Jean Crozier; Sarah, Miss Kate Ryan. It was well received by a large audience, who testified their approval of the idyllic and pastoral scenes in a hearty and honest, though not boisterous manner, the quaint touches of nature with which the piece abounds not appealing to the more demonstrative sensibilities. The play is called by some old-fashioned; but that term is only applicable to the story and language, which appear stilted through unfamiliarity with the norm. The characters stand out clearly and untrameled, and the opportunities are rare for bursts and surprises; but every incident is strong and telling, and were the piece better shaded, more light and lustre introduced, it would be better balanced, and consequently more effective. We doubt if a fitter representative of the good old vicar than Mr. Warren could be found, in a part which so wholly suits him, and one in which the sterling qualities of the actor are shown in their strongest and brightest light. The simplicity, dignity, love and sorrow of the grand old rose are given with feeling, pathos and moderation, enhanced by a face and figure in which the ideal pastor stands before us as in the life. Mr. Warren has never appeared to better advantage. Miss Clarke had not a whit behind him in her clearly-cut and strongly-acted Olivia; her most important scene, that in the inn, where her supposed husband tells her that everything in them is false, was given with great reserve and strength; and the burst of anger, the madness, and the blow she inflicts upon the young squire were so natural as to make the last-named appear well deserved and just. Miss Wainwright strengthened the promise his first effort gave of being an able and conscientious actor; his speeches, which are full of pathos, were given in an every-day manner, and his whole bearing and action were manly and natural. Mr. Crisp as Squire Thornhill was a disappointment; he made the brutal and coarser side of the young profligate too prominent, and in consequence stiff and constrained; but excellent endeavor was apparent throughout. Mrs. Vincent as Mrs. Primrose filled that character with hardly her accustomed success, though in looks she left no room for desire; and Miss Wainwright in her pretty rustic dress, arch manners and modest and dutiful behavior, appealed to the eye as well as to the heart. Messrs. Wilson and Ring and Miss Lizzie Harold supplied the frothy and humorous element (or what there was of it), all making the most of their light and airy opportunities, and J. H. Jones gave a good rendering of the less important part of Leigh. The remaining characters were of little moment, but were each and all performed in a conscientious and painstaking manner. The pieces was well mounted, the entr'actes were filled in acts two and four being a reception at old farmer Flamborough's, where the harpsichord and cuckoo clock, and truly it seemed the abiding-place of such true and simple country folks. The song of greeting in the play-scene was rendered by a chorus of children, and a quaint old round was nicely sung by Mr. Haworth and Miss Wainwright. Notwithstanding the oppressively warm weather, the business of the week has been very fair, and the drama will be continued another week, excepting night of 21, when "Waiting for the Verdict" will be performed, it being the second special Saturday-night bill.....The last week of the preliminary season at the Boston Theatre closed 14. "The Two Mothers" having formed the attraction, including an extra matinee performance 11 for the benefit of the yellow-fever fund, at which all connected with the theatre, both before and behind the curtain, contributed their services free of all remuneration, the receipts proceeding to the committee reaching the snug sum of $1,154. The regular season will be inaugurated 16 with the seventh annual engagement of P. S. Gilmore's Band, in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler" by Miss Mary Anderson 30. The official list of the company and attaches is as follows: Louis James, Henry Edwards, C. Leslie Allen, D. J. Maguinnis, Horace Lewis, H. A. Cripps, Marie A. Parks, E. Lavergne, Miss Ada Dyas, W. J. Hague, S. E. Springer, H. T. Gibson, A. Z. Chipman, H. E. Chase, James W. Taylor, J. T. Craven, Gene Wiley, Mesdames Thomas Barry, M. A. Fennoyer, Leslie Allen, and the Misses Mamie W. Story, Rachel Noah, Mary Bowers, Ida F. Thoreau, Clara Bell, Barnicoat, Blair, Dudley, Chase and Wyman; scenic-artist, Charles S. Getz; assistant, Frank Sommers; machinist, W. F. Prescott; property-man, J. B. Sullivan; gas-engineer, George Seavy; costumer, Miss A. Endress; prompter, N. Lothian Jr.; treasurer, John M. Ward; musical director, N. Kotlitzki; manager, Henry Morrison; business-agent, Henry A. McGlenen.....The regular season at the Howard Athenæum commences 16 with "A Celebrated Case," succeeded by James W. Collier's company. The piece will be produced with new scenery by Richard Marston of New York and Orrin C. Richards of this city. "Marie, the Woman of the People," will be produced 23, with J. H. Stindley, F. F. Mosley, Chas. A. McManus, and the Misses Emmie Wilmot, Mary Cary and Angela Griffiths in the cast.....Miss Laura Phillips opens her season in Fall River 16.....H. B. Booth has arrived home from San Francisco.....J. St. Maur, agent for the Majerons, is in town negotiating for the appearance of those artists.....The Boston Lodge of Elks held their regular meeting 15.....R. F. Tryon, leader of the Howard Athenæum, has a beautiful painting on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair.....John B. Schoeffel of the Park Theatre, New York, was in the city during the past week.....Lawrence Barrett appears at the Boston Museum early in the new year, producing William D. Howells' new adaptation of a Spanish drama, to be named, perhaps, "Yorick."..... Aiken & Aiken's Combination perform in Worcester, Mass., 18, Providence, R. I., the rest of the week.....J. W. Collier's "Celebrated Case" Company, after their week in Boston, appear in Providence, R. I., week of 23, Woonsocket 30, New Bedford, Mass., Oct. 1, Taunton 2, Lynn 3, Milford 4, Springfield 5, 6.....Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight and company play "Otto" in Lawrence, Mass., 16, Lowell 17, Holyoke 18, Springfield 19.....The "Vicar of Wakefield" was first produced at the Boston Museum Monday, Dec. 29, 1851, and was played during that and the succeeding two weeks fourteen times; in the cast were the late Wm. H. Curtis, who played the Vicar; W. R. Seiler, Smith, Burchell; E. F. Keach, Squire Thornhill; Mrs. Wulf Fries, Olivia; Miss M. Hart, Sophia; Susan Mason, Mrs. Symonds; Mrs. J. W. Thomas, Caroline Skaggs; Misses Arvila and Fanny Brown, Dick and Bill; William Warren, Ephraim Jenkinson; and Mrs. Judah, Mrs. Primrose. The same drama was also produced at the Howard Athenæum under the management of T. E. Mills & Leon J. Vincent, Feb. 7, 8, 1858, Mr. Mills being the Vicar; William Reynolds and Leon J. Vincent, Moses and Dick; Ben J. Rogers, Jenkinson; James Flood, Squire Thornhill; George Becks, Sir William, or Burchell; Emily Mestayer and Fanny Cramer, Olivia and Sophia; Mary Carr, Mrs. Primrose; and Annie Clarke, the present representative of Olivia at the Boston Museum, being Lady Blarney.

DRAMATIC NEWS from Chicago, Ill., up to Sept. 14 is sent as follows by our correspondent:

Hamlin's Theatre began its season Sept. 11. A thorough transformation has been effected in the building lately known as the Coliseum, and on the old site of Hooley's Theatre before the fire. From plans of Wallace Hume the architect a neat and comfortable temple of the drama has been constructed. The auditorium is built in the best form—the horseshoe—the seating capacity being something over 1,000, consisting of a new style of openwork wood folding chairs; 216 in the orchestra, 200 in the circle, two rows in the balcony, making 95 seats, the rest of the balcony seats being ordinary cane-seated chairs, 400 in number. There are two boxes on each side, the lower seating five, the upper four. The auditorium is approached by a broad entrance, lighted by two twelve-light chandeliers, from which three low, broad steps lead through a double set of heavy folding-doors to the lobby, which covers an area 30x40 feet, and is lighted by two twelve-light chandeliers. From the lobby four sets of doors, covered with green leather and studded with brass nails, lead into the auditorium, which is lighted by a sun-burner in the dome, three four-light chandeliers under the balcony, ten two-light brackets around the wall of the circle, six two-light brackets around the wall of the balcony, and a six-light pendant over each upper box. There are two other exits from the circle into a side vestibule on the left, while from the balcony there are double stairways on either side, leading into the circle vestibule, and an extra exit into the hallway above. The stage is 42ft. deep by 48ft. high, having an opening of 35ft. There are sixteen dressing-rooms (besides greenroom), five on a level with the stage, and eleven beneath. On the right of the auditorium is a large scene-painting room. Everything is comfortable, cosy, yet commodious. The walls are of gray-ish tint, the prevailing color of the proscenium being of lavender and pale blue, the borders of ceilings and dome being of chocolate and maroon. The woodwork of stage front, boxes, circle and balcony railings is in white and gold. The dressings of the boxes are lambrequins of blue and drab, with orange trimmings, with white lace curtains beneath. The drop-act, by John Hilliard, is a medallion centre, representing an Autumn scene on Lake George, surrounded by draped curtains of pink and white lace. The front drapery of the proscenium arch is by Minard Lewis, and is a marine design of a bouquet of flowers in centre of a pearl tint groundwork. The opening attraction consisted of the spectacle of the "Naiad Queen," which was given with the following cast: Jupiter (her first appearance in Chicago), Miss Georgina Smithson; Idex, Miss Belle Norton; Fluvia (her first appearance), Miss Lulu Russell; Seamoss (her first appearance in Chicago), Miss Ella Rivers; Amphitrec, Thos. Maco; Supert, Mr. N. Griffith; Schnapps, John Marble; Baron Lorchausen, Geo. Beane; Pilgrim, Geo. Stirling; Rodolph, James Paxton; Ronaldo, H. Kelly; Manfred, A. Vosa; Rolando, E. Bonner; Albert, J. Rockwell; the Lady Una, Miss Eliza Hudson; Mistress Bridget, Miss Jessie Crisp. The introduced specialties consisted of the character-change songs of Miss Georgina Smithson; the exquisite ballad singing of Miss Belle Norton; the charming serio-comic songs and skipping-rope dance of Miss Jennie Maco; the parlor gymnastics and flying-trapeze act of Mlle. Quinnette; Children Frank and Mamie—and the admirable ballet-dancing of Mlle. Bonfanti, the Clinetop Sisters and full corythee corps. The Amazonian march, led by Miss Smithson, was effectively done. The costumes were rich and appropriate. The scenery was gorgeous and dazzling. The principal sets, representing the Crystal Retreat of the Naiads and the transformation scene, were by Thomas Grain. The others—by Hilliard, Lewis, Draosel and Buckley—were each and all elaborate and elegant. "The Naiad Queen" will be continued another week. Mrs. Chantrau as the first Grandam Carr.....Mr. Albert W.

RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,800, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
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